A THRILLING, EXTRAORDINARY STORY, "MAN OR DEVIL," NEXT WEEK

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THE STOLEN MILLIONS; Or The Bank President's Crime.

By MAJOR ALBION F. GRANT, AUTHOR OF "THE DEUCE OF DIAMONDS," ETC.

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CHAPTER I.

..THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM...

It was nearly midnight in one of the greatest cities of the United States.

A handsome man of five and fifty was pacing the elegant carpet of an up-town mansion and now and then cast quick, nervous glances toward a door as if he expected it to open every moment.

There was about the person an air of wealth and ease, but it was to be seen that under all he was distrait and not at all himself.

Everything that surrounded him betokened richness, the great paintings on the wall, all masterpieces, in handsome frames, the rich mahogany furniture and the soft

elegance of it all told that he at least had millions at his command.

Saul Penland was the President of the Reaper's Bank, one of the greatest money institutions in the city. He had filled that position for years, held the confidence of his fellow men and thousands had entrusted to him every dollar they had in the world. He was known as a charitable man, had given thousands to certain organizations, had fed and clothed the poor and in return those in moderate circumstances had deposited in his bank their little savings, for was he not honest, one of the pillars of the most stylish church on the avenue?

It was so with Saul Penland, though, as yet, no one knew it.

He had led a double life, had worn the sheep's fleece over the wolf's skin.

No one suspected that while he walked the soft yielding carpet of his elegant home he was about to be branded with obloquy and cursed by thousands.

A strange smile flitted over his face. A footstep came nearer the door and paused there.

Penland stepped in the midst of his walk and listened. Surely it was the person for whom he had been waiting.

"Come in," said he.

The door opened and there stood on the threshold a woman of five and twenty, dashingly beautiful, with sloe black eyes that would have captivated the most cynical, a creature for whom kings would have deserted their thrones and gone down to eternal infamy.

She closed the door behind her and looked at Penland.

"You are safe here," said he. "My wife is still at Saratoga, and I have sent the servants away——"

"But Miss Olive——"

"She will not be home tonight. I have the tickets. I have made every arrangement and the steamer leaves tomorrow."

"Is it so bad as that?"

"It is bad enough," and again that strange smile came to Penland's lips. "There isn't enough in the bank to pay the smallest depositor."

"When will they find it out?"

"Probably when we are well at sea."

"Does the other one know?"

"You mean Lorraine?"

"Yes, your cashier."

"Why of course. Do you think, my dear, that I could do it all? I had to have a little assistance, you know. Lorraine is an expert in such matters. The public——

Here he paused and looked toward the window.

"There will be great excitement," said the woman.

"Of course. The papers will be full of it for awhile, but there are others, you know."

Yes, the nurse knew. The creature who had enmeshed Saul Pentland with her witching beauty knew of other flesh who had been ruined in the same manner. She was not the only woman in the case. She shrugged her shoulders, glanced at the diamond rings Saul Pentland had purchased for her with other people's money and then looked up at him.

"I hope that the state rooms are nice," said she.

"The best money could buy," was the reply. "You understand that we are not to meet till we have crossed."

"I understand."

"We are to be strangers on the ship. I think I can play my part to perfection."

"I am sure you can, dear. You are an excellent actor and I have no fears."

For a moment the woman, Sylvia Sharp, gazed at the richness of the room and then turned to the banker. If she could look gazed into the future and seen what was pictured there she might have shrank from the step she was about to take, but the conscienceless siren had gone too far and the gulf behind her had widened immensely to was too infatuated with her fatal beauty to turn back.

"I shall go back, now that everything is arranged," said she. "I will be ready tomorrow."

"I have secured passage for you under the name of Mrs. Myra Dean," said Pentland.

"That will do and I will enact the character to perfection, never fear, dear."

She bit her imprint of a kiss on her brow and withdrew. Pentland followed her to the door and let her out. A few steps from the mansion she stepped into a closed carriage and was whirled away.

Pentland went into his library and locked the door behind him. It was to be his last night in the city. Within a few hours his name would be heralded everywhere as that of the greatest scoundrel the country had ever known. He would be called names that would bring blushes to the cheeks of his family and the words would curse him from the depths of their hearts.

He went through a lot of papers in his desk, destroying some and putting others back. This kept him up a long time and then he sat down in his chair and looked for some time at a fine portrait of his daughter Clyde that hung in the wall.

The picture represented a beautiful girl just out of her teens, the only child he had spent thousands on her education. She was known as the Angel of the Poor for she had gone down into the slums of the city and left sunlight in her tracks.

His lips came together while he gazed at the portrait. Perhaps he regretted his crime, perhaps he thought of turning back from it and making a clean breast of it, but a great criminal seldom does this. No, in the breathe of the storm he must go on, on to the doom that awaits his kind. The wages of sin is death.

Pentland at last quitted the library. He locked the door behind him and stole upstairs. On the dresser in his room lay a revolver which he picked up and examined with intense curiosity.

"Why not?" he said half aloud.

But he laid the weapon down and smiled. He was a coward, for he dared not confess his crimes with the crack of a pistol.

In a few moments the great house was still. The wind that came up the avenue rustled the leaves on the trees and the stars looked down on the metropolis.

It was the calm before the storm.

CHAPTER II.

THE PITY OF IT.

There was a long cry of utter despair and a young girl reeled across a room, dropping a daily paper to the floor and falling across a bed.

She lay there like one dead, and when an elderly woman opened the door and lifted her up her face was white and tensely drawn and her eyes seemed devoid of life.

"Clyde! Clyde!" cried the aged Mrs. Irwin, as she faced the girl and gradually brought her back to consciousness.

Margery Dale's eyes were directed toward the paper which still lay on the floor.

"Oh, it may be untrue, it may be the paper?" said Mrs. Irwin. "It was something there that frightened you, child. What can it be, dear?"

The old lady picked up the paper but intently from the print and glanced at the first page.

"Another bank breaks! That's all, I see," said she, turning again toward the silent girl. "They've been doin' that a long time."

"But it's our bank, auntie! It's the bank!"

Margery could not proceed further. She covered her eyes with her hands and moaned deeply.

"It's your bank, eh? I don't quite understand," said the good old lady. "Here's the name of Pentland who gives so much to the poor and he's a director in the bank. Nothing can be long wrong that he oversees."

"God pity me, but all my money was in there!" and Margery snatched the paper from Mrs. Irwin's hand. "It says that there isn't anything in the vaults but worthless paper. Bonds have been stolen and by whom?"

"Not by Mr. Pentland, surely."

"The paper says he is not in the city, that he sailed for Europe or elsewhere the other day. Of course, everybody knows he has to go away when he must know that the bank was insolvent."

Mrs. Irwin shook her head.

"We have all trusted him," went on Margery. "Some of our friends, like myself, have their all there. I had saved two thousand dollars and that is gone, all gone!"

The girl threw herself again upon the bed and sobbed while the old woman looked pityingly on without a sign.

Suddenly Margery Dale sprang to her feet and faced a clean breast of it, but a great criminal seldom does this. No, in the breathe of the storm he must go on, on to the doom that awaits his kind. The wages of sin is death.

Pentland at last quitted the library. He locked the door behind him and stole up-

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heard on every side. Strong men were frantically urging an assault on the building for it was rumored that Pentland was inside; others were counselling conservative action and for letting the law take its course. Perhaps after all it might not be so bad. The rumors, they said, may have overrated the extent of the failure and, after all, the depositors might be paid in full.

There were a few, a very few, who believed that Pentland was not a rascal. These spoke of his church work, of his charity, of his desire to bring true life world and concluded that a man of that sort could not steal.

Margery and Lily reached the outskirts of the crowd and for a few moments listened.

"What do you think?" asked Lily at last. "It is bad enough," was the answer. "We have lost our all, Lily. We must go back and make it over. That's all."

"But the cashier, Mr. ——"

"I'll see to him!"

The girl turned back and looked strangely at her friend. She had never seen Margery look so determined nor heard her speak with such vehemence.

"You, Margery! What do you mean?"

"Nothing, dear. You will help me? I will look after this man."

"But you must be far away."

"The secret places of the earth shall not hide him—he was the cashier. The darkness of the old world shall not shield him from me!"

"But Margery, dear——"

"Let us go back, Lily," broke in Margery Dale, "I will be myself when I get there, I shall. I'll file me with utter despair and I must not give away to that."

The two girls, one of Margery's eyes caught sight of a young man who came forward.

"I am sorry for this, Margery," said he. "The speculators are to be blamed, I fear."

"Always the speculators!" flashed Margery. "Why make them the scapegoats for these bank failures? Why not blame the cashier?"

"It has just been discovered that he has sailed for Europe."

Margery bit her lips again. She did not speak but pushed past the young man with her companion.

CHAPTER III.

A DEAD MAN.

The widespread excitement consequent upon the failure of the Reaper's Bank did not abate. The papers devoted columns to the affair and some of them, as a matter of fact, sparing of their terms for Saul Pentland.

Days and then some one put in a good word for the man who had defalcated to the extent of millions, words were few and far between, the majority clamoring for his arrest.

In his own elegant home there were grief and consternation.

His wife, so proud as her husband, affected at first not to believe her humiliation came, but the fact that she knew that he was guilty. The daughter the beautiful Clyde, had fainted when the news of it was announced that she would seek the seclusion of a convent and there spend the remainder of her days.

The blow fell hardest on the small depositors as usual it always do.

There were hundreds who, having confidence in the integrity of the bank's president, had placed in his keeping every dollar they possessed and to find after a day's delay in the news of scoundrelism was enough to make the heart sick and give them over to despair.

A few night after Pentland's departure a man might have been creeping down from a dark street in the city near the wharves. He seemed anxious to conceal his face, for he kept close to the high and he ever and anon looked over his shoulder as though he feared pursuit.

At last he dodged into a side street, entered a house when he opened by means of a key and vanished.

He found himself in a narrow hall and at the end of it saw a door that led to the second floor of the house.

This unfortunate man he was in a small room well furnished for a house of that sort and sat in the full glare of the gas.

He was a handsome man, the cashier of the Reaper's bank, a man who had counted himself lucky in escaping the army of desperate depositors.

No one knew that he lived a double life like his chief.

He had rooms in another part of the city, fine apartments where he went to live and spend his leisure and sometimes invite his friends to spend an evening with him but of hours were spent with the addition of costly wines.

Some of these visitors wondered how Lorraine could be so extravagant on the salary he was supposed to getting, but he was always keeping the pace that kills and nightly squandered money than he honestly drew in a month.

He was a man of slight and twenty and had been a favorite at the Reaper's Bank for ten years.

He had hardly taken his seat in the little room on the night in question when he heard footsteps on the stairs and he suddenly turned pale and his hands clutched at his lips.

The man who came in was well dressed and about Lorraine's age.

"Alone, eh?" said the visitor as he crossed the room and, stopping, looked down into the cashier's face.

"As you see, Blythe."

"By Jove! it was a clean-up!" laughed the other.

"What's that?"

"I say it was a clean-up. Didn't leave enough to pay the janitor."

"Come, don't be sarcastic," cried Lorraine. "I've had enough of trouble within the last few days——"

"And if the crowd had got you the other night probably you wouldn't be here just now to grin over the clean-up."

"You vermin! they must think I cleaned the thing out," said the cashier.

"They don't think Pentland did it single handed, that's a fact."

"They don't, eh? Do they really blame me?"

"Well, I should snicker. You were the head cashier, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"You were supposed to know the business of the bank. They don't have dummies for cashiers nowadays."

Lorraine was silent for a moment.

"See here, Blythe," he cried. "What are you driving at? What do you want."

"I'm a little short tonight. Met with bad luck at the Casino. Bet on the wrong color. Lost a pile."

"You should either shabtain or——"

"No lecture if you please," broke in Blythe in a sardonic grin. "When I want that I'll go to church like Pentland did, ha, ha!"

Lorraine bit his teeth in vexation.

"I think I've got enough with my goddess," continued Blythe. "I know I can. Wee just on my way down. You won't go along?"

Lorraine said with a shudder. "I don't care to be out tonight."

"Oh, I'll be safe all in hides by this time, thinking of the wreck. They won't be looking for me, you bet."

"I've got business here," persisted Lorraine.

"Then I'll buck the tiger alone. I'll take a little cash."

Lorraine looked up at his friend, but did not utter the words that struggled to his lips.

"I want about five hundred. I think that will give me a good show."

"I've cashed for more," stammered the cashier.

"But a cursed penny less!" said Blythe through his teeth. "You have the money and it belongs to other people, but I'll not squeal. Shell out!"

"You must believe that I stood in with Pentland——"

"You did," flashed Blythe. "You're as guilty as I and you know it."

"Look out, man——"

"No threats, you common thief!" exclaimed Blythe. "You've robbed the poor, you have forged securities and you two, Pentland and yourself, are the most consummate rascals unhung. I know it all. You hoped to make Clyde Pentland your wife and then your father and your work was the forgery and the substitution of worthless securities."

Lorraine turned sullen and sank into the nearest chair. His head fell forward and he looked up at Blythe who was bending over him, his teeth clenched and his hands seemingly to clutch his throat at times.

"I'll take the five hundred and you may consider that a start, mum's the word, a thousand" said the gambler. "I would be doing thousands of people a service if I killed you in this room."

"You've turned good suddenly."

"Not at all, only I've my day. I've always been, but by the eternal! it haven't robbed the widow and the orphan, poor girls you and that saint of a Pentland have robbed. It is decided I'll not commit the fiend. I'll be terribly mistaken, I say, what's become of the American Countess, the beautiful Sylvia Sharp?"

"I don't know."

"She hasn't been seen since Pentland absconded."

Lorraine was silent.

"Come be quick about it. That's a revolver you're holding along your side. Put it on the table and hand me the only five hundred. Charge the same to profit and loss."

Biting his lips almost through, Lorraine laid the cocked weapon on the table and dropped a bank note on the top.

Blythe picked up the weapon in a casual manner and began to examine it.

"Don't!" cried Lorraine with a cry. "It's loaded."

"Of course it is," grinned Blythe.

In another moment Lorraine sprang up and struck at him. Then a shot was fired and the weapon and they struggled half-playfully over the corpet. Suddenly there was a heavier report and Blythe fell back with a cry. Blythe rolled to the floor dead.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CASHIER'S CALLER.

Clare Lorraine was stunned for a moment.

He bent over the body on the floor and turned the face upward to the light.

"He did it himself," he said aloud as he rose. "It was an accident and he was a blackguard, so I am glad to be free from the toils of the blackmailer, for he would have held me in his power as long as I was merciless. Besides this, he knew a few things that now will be entirely safe."

He looked down upon the body. He was of course, the sole occupant of the house and was not afraid of any one but the caller who came upon the scene did not ask questions. But it would not do to let a man be found dead under that particular roof.

At last he seemed to solve the problem. He wasn't far from the river. A dark alley led to it at a spot where there were no lights and where the wharves could be patrolled.

Half an hour later a man might have been seen emerging from the grimy blackness of an alley with something on his shoulder. It was Lorraine with the body of Blythe.

He had not searched the body. What was the use? They would find it perhaps and conclude that the gambler had fallen into the river and there the investigation would end. At least he was safe. There would be no more calls on him for blood money. His secret was safe and with Pentland somewhere on the water it was safer still.

When Lorraine came back to his room he felt like one relieved of a heavy burden. He carefully washed the few blood stains from his clothes and from the dark carpet.

lit a cigar and complacently smoked it.

"I wonder how he got onto the bargain between me and Portland about the girl? he suddenly exclaimed aloud. "Maybe after all it was only guess work. He had a nosing disposition, had Bayne, but he's out of the way, no-a—Hark!

He nearly dropped the cigar and turned to the door.

There was a slight noise just beyond the portal and Lorraine listened attentively a few moments.

"Maybe I forgot to lock the lower door when I came back," said he to himself. "What a fool I was anyhow, but, then, no one knows that the person who occupies this house is Clare Lorraine. I've fixed that. Why! Can the old once-over don't know—"

The latch clicked and the door swung slowly open.

Lorraine fell back a step and stared at the person who had come in.

It was not the ghost of Blythe, nor a policeman, but a young girl not more than seventeen, with a wan, white face as fair as a girl's. She stepped when she saw the cashier.

"I beg your pardon," said the creature in a low, half-frightened voice. "I thought I would find the house empty. I was just looking for a room to sleep in."

"A place to sleep?" echoed Lorraine. "What! Haven't you a home?"

"I had a room till a few days ago. I had a good place and had some money in the bank, but little began to grow with that I was paying my rent. But you see, sir, the bank broke—"

Lorraine gave a quick, guilty start.

"But I went to get some and hope it didn't catch you. It made me a beggar. You see, sir, the little legacy was from my mother, but ten hundred dollars in all, and I had it in the Reeper's Bank when it went under. I went to the president of the bank stole the money and that the cashier helped him."

The girl had moved a little to the right and for the first time got a full look into Lorraine's face.

"My God!"

She seemed to stagger and Lorraine sprang forward, but she recovered before he could touch her.

"Clare Lorraine," she exclaimed. "I've seen your face at the window many a time. You're the banker—"

"Do you think so?" grinned Clare.

"Why, yes, you are. I can't be mistaken for you nearly always paid out the money to me."

"What's your name, girl?"

"Mazie Swift."

"And so you have lost your money in the crash?"

"Every penny of it, sir."

"And you think the cashier was to blame?"

"Oh, did I say that, sir? I really don't know what I may have said. So you're the one man I've met since here? I thought cashiers lived in finer houses."

"I've said, girl, that I was the cashier of the Reeper's Bank," said Lorraine.

"Then you lied just like you and I would have a hearty meal—"

Lorraine had crossed the room and was looking into the white face of his pretty visitor.

She trembled before him and her frail figure filled his guilty soul with pity.

"Do you know what your last balance was?" he inquired.

"Yes, to a penny. It was five hundred and eighty dollars. I drew out four dollars, my rent money, the last time I was at the bank and it left that sum remaining."

"It's too bad," said Lorraine in tones that seemed full of real sympathy. "You ought not to lose that money."

"But I evidently lost it for there's not a dollar in the vaults, they say."

"Well, you see, we don't and Lorraine went back to the table and sat down.

The bright-eyed girl watched him narrowly while he drew from under pocket a well-filled note book and began to count out some bills.

"Stop!" cried the girl. "Whofe money is that?"

He looked up astonished.

"Mine, of course," he snapped.

"But how did you get it?" "They are saying that Mr. Clare Lorraine was hand-in-glove with Paul Pentland, president of the Reaper's Bank. I will touch no money that isn't wholly mine. I'll starve first!"

Lorraine turned to his former task.

"I didn't expect to find you in this house," continued the girl. "I always thought it was empty. Are you hiding from the law? Is that what is in my hand?"

She had drawn back and was looking at her hand which had touched the table where Lorraine's head had rested for a moment. It was half covered with blood.

Clare Lorraine looked at the stain till he felt his cheeks lose every vestige of color. The horror of that moment never left his soul.

"Then you won't take your balance?" said he strangely as he found his voice.

"No! Some of that money may be as red as my hand! Send the police with a perfect shudder. "I won't take a dollar of it because others would still suffer. I'm not very strong, that's a fact, but I can find a place to sleep somewhere and tomorrow I may earn enough to buy bread. There are hundreds like me now that the bank has closed. May the vengeance of God overtake the guilty!"

There was something so terrible in her voice that Lorraine shrank away.

"They are going to catch him!" continued the girl, her voice rising to a higher pitch. "My part of the world shall keep him long. They will find him. There is a nemisis at his heels this minute. Bloody money never brings pleasure nor enriches its keeper. Do you know what has happened, Mr. Lorraine?"

Clare's silence told the girl that he did not know.

"Another vessel sailed this morning for the old world. It did not carry an officer seeking Saul Pentland. The authorities don't seem very anxious to catch him. But that ship carried a person who will follow him to the ends of the world and avenge us all. The guilty cannot escape. The avenger is not a strong man, not a detective, but one of my own sex, a girl like me, who has been ruined along with hundreds of us by the gold hawk of the Reaper's Bank."

The cry that escaped Lorraine's lips he could not keep back.

"My God!" he cried.

"She will follow him to the uttermost parts of the world. She will become his shadow and when she strikes, all of us will have been avenged."

"Who is this person?"

"The name is not for you!" cried Mazie Swift. "One of these days you will hear of her. If you are Mr. Lorraine, and I know you are, the hand of vengeance will strike you as well as your master in crime. You cannot escape."

Lorraine affected a laugh.

"You have become demented over your loss," said he. "It is here for you, Miss Swift. Take it."

"At your hands, now? Never! The wages of sin is death. Keep it, sir, and see what you have sown. The vengeance of Heaven reaches to the uttermost ends and the guilty feel the hand of Justice in the secret places. Good night, sir. I wouldn't sleep under the roof of a thief for a week. It will pay you most emphatically to read this dramatic story to the end, it will also pay you to become acquainted with the Ledger if you are not already one. Send in your subscription and see a set of these splendid patterns or one of our King Cutters as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

WE PARTED IN SILENCE.

BY JULIA CRAWFORD.

We parted in silence, we parted at night,
On the banks that run by the river;
Where the fragrant flowers their boughs unite,
And their sweets to the passer deliver.

We parted in silence, the stars above
Told many a touching story,
Of friends that were true and the pangs of love,
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence—our cheeks were wet
With the tears that we vainly were controlling;
We vowed we would never, no, never forget,
And those vows were the saddest of telling.

But those lips that echoed the sounds of mine
As we uttered the words of sorrow,
And sigh, that beautiful spirit's shrine,
Has attended the faithful ever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
And my heart grows full of weeping;
For there's one star that's missing,
Some tale of that loved one keeping.

We parted in silence, we parted in tears,
On the banks of that lonely river;
But the other and brighter home bygone years
Shall hang o'er its water forever.

MARRYING A TWIN.

By CLARA AUGUSTA.

Jack Damon met Mary Learey at a ball.

"By chance, the usual way."

He fell in love with her at once. Fortunately, his passion was returned, and as Jack and Mary both wisely believed "delays are dangerous," the wedding-day came along just four weeks after their first meeting.

At the wedding Jack for the first time saw Sarah Learey, Mary's twin sister. The two girls were as much alike as two sister both blondes, with curling hair, soft, dangerous-looking blue eyes, exquisite mouths and handsome figures. There was but one essential difference between them —Mary was dressed in No. 2 shoes, which so unfortunate as to wear fours, and a close fit at that.

When the girls got vexed at each other—and, of course, being sisters, they were continually falling out—Mary would tell Sarah of her No. 4 shoes; and Sarah, by way of retaliation, would hint at the corns India ink under her eyes to make them appear larger.

The two girls dressed exactly alike in the minutest particular; they had always done so, and on your life you could not be deceived. Sarah saw no reason why she should not have a dress like Mary's, and all on account of her sister, especially as she was to be first bridesmaid.

As soon as the ceremony was over and the blazing gone through with, Jack gave his arm to Mary and walked off with her to supper.

"My darling!" he whispered in her ear, "how much your sister looks like you! Only you are a thousand times more beautiful in my eyes—"

"Why, Jack Damon! how you talk!" cried Sarah Learey. "What would Mary say to hear that?"

"Mary who, dearest?" asked Jack, pressing her hand.

"Why your wife, of course!" said Sarah. "My wife! I don't think I understand you, dear!" said Jack, beginning to feel a little mixed up in his ideas.

"Do you think I'm your wife?" asked Sarah.

"I should think so, from what Parson Smith just said.'

"Parson Smith!"

"Mary!" she called over her shoulder to the sallow-looking bridegroom who was walking after with Tom Grimes, the groomsman. "Your husband here claims me for his wife!"

"You can have him, and welcome!" snapped Mary. "And he won't be likely to mistake you for anybody else, if once he gets sight of those No. 4's of yours."

"The Great Mogul!" cried Jack, turning round and surveying his pretty and angry wife. "Is this Mary, or the other one? Somebody please tell me which woman I am husband of; for, by Jupiter! I don't know myself!"

"Look at the ink under her eyes, and you'll always know her!" whispered Sarah spitefully.

Jack dropped her arm and went back to Mary.

"My love, forgive me. You look so much alike! But you are a thousand times loveliest!"

"That remark must be a favorite one with you, Jack Damon!" pouted the bride. "I've heard you make it once before to-night—to Sarah!"

"Oh, the good gracious!" cried Jack, "what a mess I've got into! Forgive me, darling, and I'll never speak to any other woman again. Never. Not even to my washerwoman!"

And after considerable pleading, and great display of contrition on Jack's part, pardon was granted.

Two weeks afterward Tom Grimes and Sarah were married, and to make matters as bad as possible, Grimes and his wife and Damon and his wife all went to live at the same boarding-house.

Scarcely a day passed but the extraordinary resemblance of the two sisters to each other got somebody into difficulty.

Messages were delivered to Sarah which were intended for Mary, secrets were told to Mary which were designed only for Sarah; the servants were always calling Mary Mrs. Grimes, and Sarah Mrs. Damon. Mary Grimes got home a set of pearls and one night for his wife. She was in the parlor when he came in.

"Mary, dear," said he, "I have brought you something as a Christmas gift, but I don't want you to know anything about it. She's so confoundedly jealous that there'd be the deuce to pay with! She wants a set of pearls herself, but just between you and me—don't say a word—she's got to wait too and be quiet, or scarin'!"

Of course, it was Mrs. Damon whom Tom was addressing, for a set of pearls was astonishment. She had thought Tom a very good husband, and he was making love to her! She determined not to say anything, but as soon as Jack got home he told him everything. Poor pretty little Tom ought to be severely punished. So she thanked Tom for the jewels, and Tom kissed her in spite of herself, and went off downstairs, feeling a little vexed at Sarah's want of enthusiasm over his costly present.

"I'll confound the women!" he said to himself; "a fellow never knows how to please 'em!"

When Jack came home Mary went to him at once with the pearls, and with tears in her eyes told him the whole story.

Jack was horrified. That Tom should be unfaithful was bad enough, but that Tom should be in love with his Mary was alarming!

He decided to labor with Tom in secret.

He took Tom aside that very night.

"Thomas," said he, "I want to have a little serious talk with you."

Tom shook his head. "I own up that I did go a little too far. But then what is a fellow to do when such a temptation is put before him? Don't tell Sarah. By George! she'd be ferocious!"

"And who's Sarah, her?" said Jack solemnly. "Didn't you promise to love and honor her, and none else, till death did you part?"

"I guess the thing did read about so, Jack."

"And yet here you are, only five months married, making love to another woman!"

"What!" cried Tom, springing to his feet and glaring at Jack like a tiger.

"You admitted it," said Jack coldly.

"Admitted it? Whoever says I admitted that is a liar!"

"You said you had gone too far—"

"And so I did, by Jove! Who's sport at Higgins' the other night; and as for the matter of that, so did you, Jack, and you know it."

"But you gave me my wife jewelry and you kissed her—"

"I never, so help me Peter! Your wife! Why good gracious, Damon! Who'd ever think of kissing your wife when he could kiss mine? Don't be offended, Jack, but your wife is beginning to look old and sallow. I was telling Sarah so only a little while ago."

"The deuce you were! And Mary says you told her you were dying about Sarah."

"Never! I trust I am not a fool!"

"Very well! I'll tell my wife women and see what they say," said Jack, in desperation.

The ladies were summoned.

"To which of you did Tom Grimes present a set of pearls?" asked Jack.

"To me!" said Mary Damon.

"And you say my wife," said Tom, looking doubtfully from one to the other.

"His wife!" shrieked Sarah. "Only hear him!"

"Jerusalem!" cried Tom, "what a muddle. If either of you women is my wife, step forward!"

Neither stirred.

Mary pointed to Sarah's feet.

"Tom Grimes, behold those feet. Haven't you lived with them long enough to recognize them? And you gave me jewelry and kissed me! Sarah, if I was that kind of a woman. And poor Sarah trusting you all the time."

Tom looked forward and caught the weeping owner of the No. 4 feet in his arms.

"Thank Heaven that your feet are No. 4," said he, "I knew you were No. 10, and then I might know my own wife, and hope you'll excuse me for intimating that you are getting sallow."

"Come Mary," said Jack, "I guess we'll be going our own way. Matters seem to be getting straightened out."

The pearls found their rightful owner, but a little coolness sprang up between the two sisters, which resulted in Tom's taking his wife to Chicago and Jack's taking his wife to Bangor.

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—By—
J. BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS.

KEENEYES AND THE DIAMOND NECKLACE;

—A—
Double Mystery.

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CHAPTER X.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

Several weeks had passed since the meeting of Keeneyes and Lizzie Blair at the Washington Pagoda.

During that time Lizzie, with the assistance of Ed Bump, had fitted up several rooms in splendid fashion.

Perhaps their elegance was overdone, just as Lizzie's own adornment was always a little beyond the farthest outposts of good taste.

Nevertheless the rooms were inviting.

Keeneyes' ready money had for everything, yet he had not seen Lizzie Blair since their agreement.

Every morning, exactly at nine o'clock, Ed Bump was to be seen standing upon the front steps of the Greene & Keeneye house according to Keeneyes' directions.

And, as if Keeneyes ever saw his employee waiting, no one was the wiser.

In the meantime, Stevenson had plunged deeper into the slough of a vicious life. He was losing, these days, and losing heavily. His attire now showed signs of carelessness. His face wore a haggard look. His eyes were either bright with the fever of speculation, or dull and glazed with lassitude.

The long nights of revelry and gaming which would have made slow but gradual inroads upon the constitution of a less advanced city man, were making rapid and fearful changes in young Stevenson, even from his farm. Unused to the wine glass, he now drank steadily. Ignorant of cards, he was making his living upon his superficial knowledge of men and chance. Raised in strict morality with high ideals of society, he had insensibly, hardly knowing how, been dragged down into evil associations with both men and women.

Young Stevenson hardly ever saw Keeneyes. The detective never accompanied him to his haunts of unhealthful pleasures. Sometimes they met upon the stair in the lodging house, or at the front door, but these were accidents, for Stevenson did not want to face his former friend.

If Keeneyes was not associating with Stevenson, if he never saw Lizzie Blair, if he never communicated with his man Ed Bump, it may be asked, what was he doing? Was he simply existing in the lodging house, in order to let the time pass by?

Primarily, Keeneyes was simply letting the time pass by.

Of course he kept himself fully posted on all of Stevenson's movements, since that was the occasion of his coming to Chicago.

But Stevenson's movements were so simple that Keeneyes found much time upon his hands. This time he employed in a manner intensely interesting to himself.

He was writing an autobiography.

It promised to be an immense work, for every event in which he had figured presented importance to Keeneyes. There was one letter he learned to write, by constant practice with each new and beauty which few men have acquired. This was the capital "I."

Stevenson slept through most of the days. Keeneyes always knew when he came in and went out. At the period of waiting even threatened to grow irksome, Keeneyes merely got out paper and fountain pen, and, as soon as he began to write about himself, it was as good as going to the opera.

Thus three weeks passed by.

One bright moonlight night Keeneyes seated himself upon the stone steps of Grime's Rooming House, stretched his long legs before him, folded his arms, and stared at the opposite restaurant, not because it was a restaurant, but because it happened to be where his eyes were directed.

He was waiting for Stevenson's return.

It was three in the morning before the young man came up the street humming a popular tune in a voice some the worse for the liquor that had heated the throat.

"You here?" exclaimed Stevenson in amazement.

"Yes," said Keeneyes, "I couldn't sleep. You don't want to go to bed this early, do you? This is a fine, old night. See the beautiful the moon is."

"Then early, is it?" Stevenson hesitated. He dreaded being alone with the man who had known him in his home.

"Oh, come, come," said Keeneyes. "You think I'm going to preach. Nothing is farther from my mind. And how goes everything?"

"To the pawnbroker's," said Stevenson with a foolish grin. "At least, that's where my ring went and my watch and chain and my diamond, and in fact all I had that was of any value."

"Except your character, old chap," remarked Keeneyes.

"Yes," said Stevenson with a reckless laugh, "and that's gone to the devil."

"Luck hard, eh?"

"I owe for these clothes on my back," said Stevenson with sudden despair. "I can't make another penny. It does look like luck might come my way just once more, that it doesn't seem as you used to have to must change; I can't go on losing all the time. I must win after so long a time. The trouble is to keep in funds till the wheel turns."

"Sure," said Keeneyes cheerfully. "Well, you seem merry tonight, anyhow. You were home humming quite merrily."

"Oh, yes," said Stevenson as if suddenly remembering. "Do you know, I had quite an adventure. I met a beautiful girl whom I saw me once in a certain town, and it seems she took a fancy to me, and she discovered me a few days ago here in the city. She is dreadfully rich, and you know, and she's in fact, I am going to leave Grime's Rooming House tomorrow and take what few traps I have that I've not pawned. I'll get my board free. That's something. And that way like me over the head, some turn of vile luck."

"I don't exactly understand," said Keeneyes. "This beautiful young lady who loves you, what have her parents to say of this engagement?"

Stevenson laughed. "She has eliminated her parents from the question," he said.

"Oh. Then you were quietly married, expecting to get the old man's blessing in the sequel. Yes, yes, I see."

"See nothing! You are as blind as a bat! Marriage, indeed! Look here, Keeneyes, you are a man of the world and so are I. Neither can be fooled by the old-fashioned school prodigy. This woman gives me my board and that's what it amounts to."

"Now I understand," said Keeneyes smiling. "This is real life. Certainly."

"If I ever make back what I've lost," said Stevenson sinking upon the steps, "you can bet I'll take back to another kind of life and have done with this forever!"

"Good for you!" said Keeneyes. "But, do you know, I've been thinking this up, the harder you'll find it to go back to the farm? Pardon me, the insistance you can't lay that down as easily as you can take it up. And even this fascinating lady who is going to keep you at her rooms,—do you not think you will find female society in the country rather tame and heavy after associating with a lovely creature who, when she loves you becomes only the more so?"

Stevenson said somewhat roughly, "Do you want me to go back home skinned like a rabbit?"

Keeneyes waved his arm and said, "If I ever go into real life as you have done, I'll have a diamond necklace to fall back upon."

Stevenson looked at Keeneyes with sudden interest. "If I be," he remarked, "do you know every once in a while you let something drop that I cannot understand."

"And no wonder," said Keeneyes impressively. Then he checked himself with the muttered words, "But I must be cautious!" He paused and looked long at Stevenson. Finally he said, "Old man, I'm going to confide in you."

"You don't mean it," said Stevenson quickly, "that you have a diamond necklace?"

"Hush!" said Keeneyes. "Remember we are alone on the steps. Yes."

"You have it here—with you? Surely not."

"It is up in my room," Keeneyes whispered.

"A diamond necklace?" Stevenson repeated.

"Hush! Yes. And worth a fortune. It is a necklace of immense value."

"You—you brought it to the city to dispose of?"

"S-s-sh! Can I trust you, Stevenson? That necklace—hush! Was that a footstep?"

"No, it wasn't. What about that necklace, Zellers?"

"Do you need money?" Keeneyes whispered.

"What is the connection? Of course I do."

"I am going to confide in you about this diamond necklace," said Keeneyes. "It is not my necklace."

"Then how came you with it?"

"Ah, that's a strange story."

"I am an honest man, Mr. Zellers; and no doubt your story will show that you also are honest."

"That will soon be shown. In fact, I am in a difficulty. Now mark you. There is a certain lady to whom this necklace belongs. She has employed me, a man who thinks I can help me, and she discovered me a few days ago here in the city. She is dreadfully rich, you know, and—you know—in fact, I am going to leave Grime's Rooming House tomorrow and take what few traps I have that I've not pawned. I'll get my board free. That's something. And that way like me over the head, some turn of vile luck."

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CHAPTER XI.

THE RETURN OF KEENEYES.

Almost six weeks had passed since the day when, in company with Clark Watson, Keeneyes first came to Wearystop.

Since his first morning in Wearystop he had, as it were, vanished as completely from the knowledge of man, as the diamond necklace, or as Jansen Moore.

There was, however, this difference; that nobody knew or cared about Keeneyes, in that small Illinois city save the young man who had employed him to investigate the diamond mystery.

One morning, Keeneyes returned to Wearystop.

As few had seen him on his other visit, his advent was unnoticed.

The detective stepped from the train and walked briskly to the jeweler's.

He peeped in and found the jeweler at work.

"What's said Keeneyes, "haven't you mended that watch yet, Mr. Greene?"

The jeweler looked up with a scowl.

"Good morning," said Keeneyes.

"I suppose," said Greene, "that you have come here to find your diamond necklace, have you?"

"Not exactly," said the detective easily. "Are you the detective," demanded Greene fiercely, "who had Mrs. Van Antwerp arrested and searched on her arrival in Europe?"

"I am Keeneyes."

"Well, what's that got to do with it?"

"Being Keeneyes, I should never commit such a blunder."

"But you thought I stole those diamonds for Mrs. Van Antwerp!" growled Greene.

"Nonsense, my man, nonsense!" smiled Keeneyes.

The jeweler raised his voice to a shout; "I tell you, you did!"

Keeneyes suddenly raised his voice to stentorian tones as he bawled back, "I tell you I didn't!"

Greene was so astonished that he grinned. He said, "Then what did you come to this shop for, about six weeks ago, bullying and bragging around making yourself no offense?"

"What I am here for now," said Keeneyes, "is to ask a few polite questions, merely, where would I be likely to find Mr. Clark Watson at this time of the day?"

"And what I ask you is, Why did you carry on like a lunatic in this shop six weeks ago?"

"Mr. Greene," said Keeneyes, "I was called to Wearystop to find out who stole the diamonds. I hadn't been here more than an hour when I found out. Still, I could not be absolutely sure of my conjecture till I had examined you. I came here and saw at a glance that you had nothing to do with the robbery."

"Do you have that, did you?" sneered Greene. "I suppose my face read like that of an honest man. Thank you for your taffy. And now I reckon you want something out of me. What is it? I am always glad to get compliments. If you want to get one yet, that I didn't have to pay for."

"You misunderstand me, my dear fellow," said Keeneyes with a smile. "I was not in the least impressed with a sense of your honesty. But then it is the fact of those diamonds was an extremely delicate job for the thief. Some one had to spend a mad ball cavorting in a china shop without breaking a piece. Think of the more successfully stealing off with that necklace."

Greene grinned again, and received his second compliment. "Well," he said, "Well, you want Clark Watson? At this hour of the day he is in the world of society, old Eleazer Atkin's premises."

"What? Is Watson working for old Eleazer?"

Greene laughed.

Keeneyes stood waiting to hear more, left the shop.

Then Keeneyes sought the large mansion of old Eleazer Atkins.

The yard, garden and orchard occupied a square in the center of the town.

Keeneyes began walking about the house.

At the turning of the first corner he discovered Clark Watson.

The young man stood under a boxed tree.

He was evident to the detective that Watson was trying to appear there as by accident. He seemed just about the point of moving on. He seemed to have stopped under the tree to read a letter. As a matter of fact, he was not reading the letter, but covertly watching the approach of Keeneyes.

Keeneyes advanced and coughed discreetly.

Clark Watson with a business-like air, folded up his letter and placed it in his pocket. Then he seemed suddenly to have noticed the intruder was Keeneyes.

"Why, it's you, Keeneyes, it's you."

"I have every reason to think so," was the reloinder.

"It is very difficult to believe it," said Watson severely.

Keeneyes acquired Keeneyes pleasantly.

"You are Keeneyes, you tell me. Yet the reputation of Keeneyes is not that of a man who deserts his case on the day he accepts it. You don't doubt my word, Keeneyes? Then the diamond necklace has been found."

"Of course it has not been found."

"But my kind sir, but my dear Mr. Watson, Keeneyes never rests till he has solely to find the necklace that you called me in; and the diamond necklace is not found yet, how can I be too late to hunt for it?"

"Where is the diamond necklace!" cried Watson fiercely.

"I will hang it around Mrs. Larrymore's own neck with these words," said Keeneyes, "if she will permit it," said Keeneyes, "tomorrow at the furthest."

"I don't care" said Watson. "That is nothing to me."

"Nothing to you! After hiring me to find who stole the necklace?"

"I hired you to prove that Jansen Moore didn't take it."

"It's the same thing, isn't?"

"No, it isn't the same thing," snapped the young man desperately. "Jansen Moore can come now and speak for himself. He doesn't need my help."

"But Jansen Moore has disappeared."

"I fancy he will reappear in a day or so," said Watson ruefully.

"In that case," said Keeneyes, "I trust you have made good your time with Miss Nell Atkins."

Watson glanced desparingly at the house and shook his head. "It's all over," he said. "It's ended. She will not see me."

"Then you must have told her all!"

"All what?"

"You know what."

"Well, yes, I did tell her all."

A slight color rose to Keeneyes' cheeks. "So you took the case in your own hands and spoilt it!" he said with evident displeasure. "If I had known you meant to help me in the matter, I should have dissolved partnership with you."

"Why, Mr. Keeneyes! what do you mean?"

"You gave me this case. I have been working on it all the time you thought I was taking a holiday. I have come back in time, as you see. Yet you couldn't wait. You took matters in your own hands. You confessed to her. In a day everything would have been all right for you, and for her."

"But how could it be all right?"

"Because Keeneyes was managing it; that's how."

"But Jansen Moore could have come back in a day or two."

"All that was provided for."

"But I don't see how," said Watson with another groan.

Keeneyes was impatient. "You are a fool, Watson," he said, "but I believe still that you may outgrow it. Let us leave this place before we attract attention. I suppose you have been lingering here to catch a little glimpse of old Eleazer Atkins with his white hair and thin shanks. I, too, admire the eccentric old character. Let us saunter, then, just enough to tell me exactly how matters stand between you and Miss Nell."

CHAPTER XII.

After a most earnest conversation with Clark Watson, Keeneyes was able to impart a spirit of hopefulness to the rejected lover.

This accomplished, they parted.

Keeneyes was now bent upon a most delicate mission.

He returned to the boxed-tree under which he had discovered Clark Watson pretending to read a letter.

The detective crossed the street, entered the yard, and rang the bell.

A servant appeared.

"Is Mr. Eleazer Atkins at home?"

"I'll see," said the servant. She vanished, leaving the detective outside the door.

There was about five minutes of waiting. Then the maid returned.

"Did you whether he is at home or not?" Keeneyes inquired cheerfully.

"He said to tell you that depends," said the maid.

"How?"

"I don't know, sir," said the maid who had been recently employed and who was not used to the eccentric old gentleman. "I asked if I should tell you whether he was at home or not, and he said to tell you that depends.

"If it depends on me, he is at home," said Keeneyes pushing his way into the hall. Having entered, he raised his voice: "Come on, Mr. Atkins, you'll find me in the parlor," he called.

He did have long to wait before the old gentleman entered, leaning on his cane, and smoking violently. At sight of the detective, his face brightened. He chuckled as they shook hands. "Mr. Keeneyes, you are the very man I've been wanting to see," he declared.

"Then I'm very glad I am not somebody else. And how are your ailments, Mr. Atkins?"

"I do not enjoy talking of my ailments, sir," said the old man promptly.

"Ah? you are doubtless then in perfect health? Fortunate!"

"I never discuss my health, save with my physician," said old Eleazer Atkins resolutely. "Whether you have the lumbago or hay-fever does not interest me and I take it, you are equally indifferent regarding my rheumatism and indigestion. If I could make you weep over my pains it would hold western one of my pangs. And I certainly do not want any of your troubles foisted upon my attention unless they are troubles that I can relieve.

"Well, well," said Keeneyes. "There, there, my dear sir, I cannot do harm, and most old gentlemen like it. I was in error, a thing that seldom happens."

"We will say no more about it. I will tell you why I am glad to see you. The last time you were here we discovered my granddaughter's heart-affairs."

"Yes," replied the detective. "From what I gathered, Miss Nell liked Jansen Moore extremely well until the time of his disappearance, and that, if he had not disappeared, they would doubtless have become engaged."

"Very true. They were sweethearts in school, and were almost to become sweethearts again, in real life."

"At the same time," remarked Keeneyes, "you could not blame her for yourself you preferred Clark Watson to the disappearing gentleman."

"I did, and I do. That is what I wanted to see you about."

"Well?"

The old man pulled long at his pipe, then said, "Keeneyes, do you remember my telling you that Clark Watson had a way of making things come his own way?"

"Yes."

"Well, he tried to force events in the case of my granddaughter. He endeavored to shape events just as he wished them. Not contented with taking charge with other people, he set about manufacturing circumstances."

The old man chuckled and added, "I admire the dog for it. But not so Nell."

"My dear Mr. Atkins, naturally; or rather, allow me to speak. You mean that Clark Watson found Jansen Moore such a formidable rival that he thought it necessary to get him out of the way?"

"Yes."

"And in order to get Jansen Moore out of the way Clark Watson wrote him a letter purporting to be written by you, and signed your name to it?"

"How did you know that? did Clark Watson tell you, too?"

"People don't tell me things," said Keeneyes. "I will explain what I found out by my own investigation, namely, Clark Watson fell in love with Miss Nell after he moved to Wearystop.

"That was some months ago.

"He found that Miss Nell had a constant suitor, one Jansen Moore.

"Watson set himself the task of cutting out this young fellow.

"He found himself unable to do so, because Moore was such an old and intimate friend of the family.

"Watson was convinced that he was just as good as Moore, but he saw no show for himself unless he could temporarily remove Jansen Moore.

"Watson was, and still is, desperately in love with Miss Nell.

"He persuaded himself that what he contemplated was not wicked.

"All he intended to do, was to remove Moore from Miss Nell's sight, and during the disappearance, present himself constantly to her attention.

"In this way he hoped partially to even up Moore's advantage of a long acquaintanceship with the beautiful young lady.

"Accordingly Clark Watson wrote a letter to Jansen Moore, which pretended to be written by you.

"The letter stated that you were aware of Moore's devotion to your granddaughter and you felt that you was inclining his way: That you wanted to be sure he loved Miss Nell and that also Nell loved him. That you made the condition that he disappear for the term of six weeks. That he take a room at Grinder's Lodging House and assume the name of Stevenson, avoid recognition, live quietly incognito: That at the end of six weeks he might return and if Miss Nell then loved him, you would make no further objections; That in the meantime he must seek no news of Wearystop either from people or papers."

"Yes," said old Eleazer with a grin. "That's what they stated."

"And," said Keeneyes, "in accordance with that letter, Moore slipped off in disguise and is living there under the name of Stevenson."

"Come," added the old man, "his six weeks will be up tomorrow."

"Exactly. And knowing that the time was up, and having not yet won Miss Nell's hand, Watson confessed everything to her."

"Yes," said the grandfather, "and so far from her admiring Watson for his tactics, she turned upon him in a rage. And instead of sympathizing with him, all her sympathy goes out to Jansen Moore."

"Women are strange, but true," said Keeneyes.

"But how did you find all this out," demanded Eleazer Atkins, "since you say Watson didn't tell you?"

"It was remarkably easy," said Keeneyes, thus:

"Wretch!" hissed Lizzie Blair.

"Clark Watson came to me to find out who stole the diamond necklace of Mrs. Larrymore's. I saw at once that he was not concerned in the necklace, but that he wanted suspicion to be shifted from Jansen Moore. I also found that Jansen Moore was no particular friend of Watson's.

"The question at once arose in my mind: Why was Watson expending money to prove the innocence of a chance acquaintance?

"Then I suggested hunting for Moore. I was told roundly that that was not what I was hired for, and that Watson didn't care what had become of Moore. I was forced to two conclusions:

"First. Watson had caused Jansen Moore's disappearance.

"Second. Since Watson knew why Moore had disappeared, he could not bear to have Moore accused of robbery and he was willing to spend his money to clear his reputation. I became his, Watson's, was responsible for the disappearance.

"The question remained, why had Watson made all Moore disappear?

"Love for Miss Nell accounted for that. "Then came the query, 'How had it been managed?' I went out to Jansen Moore's home and in his room found a letter. A very forged letter that I have detailed to you. I secured it and returned to town.

"All was now clear to me.

"Jansen Moore was removed from the situation for six weeks.

"Perhaps Clark Watson did wrong. Yes, his strategy was doubtless wrong. Still, as it appears, Watson meant to take no undue advantage. Moore had gone with Miss Nell for years before Watson ever heard of her. All that Watson now asked was to go with her six weeks without the interposition of Moore. He hoped to win her in that time. It seems he failed."

"Yes," said old Eleazer, shaking his white head, "my granddaughter got to thinking a great deal of Watson. But the very disappearance of Moore gave him a ghostly sort of advantage. She kept thinking of him and the more she thought, the fainter grew her displeasure with him, and the plainer she could see the romantic little attachment of other days. Watson was fighting, as it were, against a ghost. I think he would have won out in the end, but he saw the six weeks coming, and he dared not wait for Moore to visualize. He confessed. And now Nell is all eagerness for Moore to come back. His disappearance has won her completely. So it ends!"

"Not yet," said Keeneyes. "You forget that the diamond necklace has not yet been found."

"That has nothing to do with our case."

"Yes," said Keeneyes emphatically.

"How?" cried the old man eagerly.

Keeneyes leveled his forefinger at the other and said with impressive slowness, "Suppose you and I propose to take Miss Nell to Chicago in the morning, to hunt up this Jansen Moore."

"She has already proposed that she and I do so," growled the old man, "but I tell her that we'll see him soon enough."

"Suppose we go," Keeneyes persisted. "I know where he is. In fact, I've been with him the past six weeks—practically with him. He has left for Grinder's Lodging House, but I can find him for you."

"Ha! so he hasn't been at all the conditions of the letter?" grunted the old man.

"Now, mark you, my dear sir," said Keeneyes, leveling his finger. "Suppose our friend Jansen Moore is expecting the owner of the diamond necklace to come to his rooms tomorrow to get it?"

"Why should he expect such a thing?"

"Because he has the necklace."

"Impossible!"

"And because he has written to the owner to come and get it."

"He has written to Mrs. Larrymore?"

"No, no, Mr. Atkins, you are—ah—you do not follow me, very fast."

"I remember I have to use a cane," suggested the other.

"Ah, excuse me, yes. Then take my arm and I will prop you up. Thus: Moore knew nothing of Mrs. Larrymore's losing her diamonds, but I put it to him that a necklace was lost and that the finder, on addressing a certain address, would have the owner come in person. No questions would be asked. He would receive the money; the necklace has left the hands of the finder, the lady and her two venerable uncles would go on about their business."

"Well?"

"He looks for the owner to come tomorrow at four in the afternoon; he expects the lady and her feeble old uncles. They have been written to to that effect and have assured him they will not attempt to arrest him for robbery."

"Well?"

"Let us take your daughter there at four o'clock. She, quite unsuspecting, will go thinking only of a pleasant meeting with Jansen Moore. He will think her the owner of the necklace. You will be one old uncle and I will be the other. So far will he be from expecting his old friends, that a hesay on each side will prop and a little touching up on our, will throw him off the scent. We will enter. Presently he will come into the room with the necklace."

"He will not recognize Miss Nell at first, but she will know him at once. You can ask him how he had hands on that diamond necklace. In a word Miss Nell will discover that Jansen Moore is not the young man he once was. She will see that, after all, Clark Watson is a finer fellow.

"Do you follow me with this assistance?"

"But, Mr. Keeneyes, do you mean to tell me that Jansen Moore stole that diamond necklace? It is unthinkable. He disappeared on account of that bogus letter. Do you mean to tell me that he carried along the diamonds with him as a sort of side line to the main affair?"

"He has the necklace. He will deliver it to us. I do not want to use any accusing words regarding Jansen Moore. I pity him from the bottom of my heart. But he is not a fit husband for Miss Nell. You and I might argue with her till doomsday about it, but that would do no good. She has turned against Clark Watson, and in doing so, has idealized the absent Jansen Moore. We must show her Jansen Moore just as he is, when she has seen him with her own eyes, she will be convinced."

"Mr. Keeneyes," said old Eleazer Atkins with conviction, "I have a high opinion of your ability."

"I thank you," said Keeneyes. "And now, will you kindly have Miss Nell called in. I will develop the situation to her."

"By all means, by all means. Give me your hand, sir, I am your friend and admirer, sir."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MEETING ARRANGED.

Having shaken hands heartily in recognition of the detective's ability old Eleazer left the room in quest of his granddaughter.

From the delay, it was evident to the young detective that the young lady was reluctant to attend him.

This was natural.

Since Clark Watson had confessed his conspiracy in writing the letter to lure Jansen Moore away from the scene of his affections, Miss Nell had refused to meet Clark Watson again.

She knew Keeneyes had been employed by Clark Watson.

He was, therefore, presumably a friend of Watson's.

Nell Atkins was unwilling to so much as meet a friend of Clark Watson in her present state of indignation.

However, old Eleazer Atkins was a man who usually had his way.

The result was, that after some delay, he brought his granddaughter into the parlor.

Keeneyes looked for an introduction, but the eccentric old man was entirely too social folites.

Keeneyes bowed and said, "It this Miss Atkins?"

"If it wasn't I wouldn't have brought her in," interponed the old man. "You said Miss Atkins was who you wanted to see. Here she is."

"I am Keeneyes the detective," said the tall, slender man with the dark eyes.

"She knows who you are," Eleazer Atkins interposed.

"Most people do," said Keeneyes blandly. "I believe you are Mr. Watson's friend?" said Nell Atkins, bowing slightly.

"I am," said Keeneyes.

Something like a hostile gleam showed in the young lady's eyes, but her demeanor remained quiet and respectful. It was obvious to Keeneyes that Nell's old-time loving friendship with Clark Watson he had placed himself upon the plane of her enemy.

"I may as well tell you, Miss Atkins," he said, "that I know all about the letter Clark Watson wrote to Jansen Moore. It purported to be written by your grandfather, asking Jansen Moore to vanish and stay in retreat for six weeks while, during that time, he tried to mock no new love."

"Clever scheme," chuckled the old man. "You see, Mr. Keeneyes, Watson hoped to win Nell before Jansen Moore was back out of the way."

An angry flush stole into the beautiful face. "I do not wish to discuss it at all, if you please!" she said with clear distinctness.

"But—" said Keeneyes.

"Still," Nell interrupted, "if I must express myself, if Mr. Watson has sent you to learn my true views of his conduct—"

"Not at all! not at all!" cried Keeneyes.

"Or" said Nell in a rising key, "if he has sent you to make intercession for him—"

"You mistake entirely!" exclaimed Keeneyes, a slight color showing in his lean cheeks.

"Or," pursued Nell, her eyes burning, "if he sent you with the idea that any explanation on the part of his friend would ever make me regard him as I once regarded him, constancy, as a gentleman, he is not till you—"

"Pardon me for interrupting you the third time," said Keeneyes, his voice slightly trembling with suppressed agitation, "but this is not true. You have not seem to realise that I am Keeneyes. The idea that anybody could employ Keeneyes and send me to do his bidding, is insupportable. I do not obey the behests of anybody. For a fee of—I am never sent to carry out other people's ideas or wishes. If I am anywhere, it is because I have discovered a client there. And I am now standing in this parlor at the client's or at the request of the man who save the man who now addresses you."

Nell Atkins forgot her own indignant displeasure at the evident indignation of the detective. His sensitiveness on such a point appeared so real and genuine, and so quaint, that she could hardly prevent herself from smiling. It was a relief to her, also, to know that Watson had not sent him. "I beg your pardon," she said, casting down her eyes that he might not discover that she was amused.

"Well," snapped old Eleazer, who was

(Continued on page seven.)

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Some women are for getting married and some are forgetting that they are.

Some men haven't troubles enough of their own, so they get married.

There are only four letters in love, but there are thousands of love letters.

Cuban rebels conclude not to wait to have their arms taken away from them.

Few men can do two things at once, but any girl can chew and talk simultaneously.

Caleb Powers is about to be tried again in Kentucky. Caleb may truthfully say that he finds this life full of trials.

Out in Spokane there is a man who is erecting a monument over the remains of his pet donkey. The donkeys are not all dead.

"Let us help those who have not as much as we have," says young John D. He will not have to look far for people who are in the sad fix he refers to.

New York now has an apartment house for the exclusive use of families in which there are many children. It ought in all fairness to be called The Roosevelt.

The people of Pittsburg and Cincinnati want the Ohio River made deeper. Let them be patient. It will be deep enough to suit them about the first of next April.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt has hired "a little German band" to play daily in his stable so that his steeds will not be frightened by the music when he exhibits them at horse shows.

The flagpole on Pennsylvania's new Capitol cost $350. It's lucky for the Pennsylvania taxpayers that their state didn't have a baseball team which could win all the pennants.

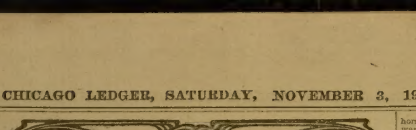
Edinburgh University has conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on Andrew Carnegie. Andrew didn't need the degree particularly, but Edingurgh seems to have wanted the money.

Down in Pennsylvania there is a man who declares that his wife hasn't spoken to him for seven years. Some people will be unable to understand why he is making a fuss about it.

Some of the cement work around Pennsylvania's new capitol is already beginning to crumble. The graft killers of Pennsylvania have made a serious mistake if they have laid away their weapons.

H. H. Rogers gives as his opinion that there is no use in this country for grumblers. Rogers probably intends to have this declaration apply specially to people who grumble at the Standard Oil Company.

The United States District Court for Oklahoma has decided that "possums are not gaffle animals, and may be hunted at any time. If the colored brother is paying any attention to the fitness of things he will at once extend to that court assurances of his distinguished consideration.



ALICE OF MARYLAND;

THE MOUNTAIN TENTH.

By T. C. HARBAUGH, author of "Robespierre," "San Francisco Sorceress," etc.

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CHAPTER XIX.
WINGED.

The morning that broke on the mountain after the struggle of the two great armies there found but few soldiers in its dark shadows.

Lee had fallen back upon a new line along the Antietam and McClellan had followed with his hosts.

A few miles from the scene of the first battle another was to be fought, the bloodiest in all that long carnage of four years.

Harland Keedy, standing on a secluded rock among the mountain fastnesses, was watching a little host of men that moved hither and thither some distance from his position. His lower them all.

Tom Creager and his mountain men had not given over their hunt for vengeance.

As the young man gazed at the moving line he heard a noise in his rear and turned to catch sight of a figure that darted out of sight while he looked.

It was a glimpse of a dress he caught, nothing more, but it interested him.

Springing from the rock he pushed his way along a lonely path with the musket in his hands; he was on the alert, for his safety depended on alertness.

All at once the bushes before him parted and he saw a face at sight of which he dropped deeper into the shadows.

Mother Grossnickle came into full view.

She was not alone.

Just behind her crept Sam Riddlemoser of the valley battery, his eyes on the ground and his avaricious senses on the qui vive.

"It was somewhere here," said Mother Grossnickle, stopping short and pointing to a certain spot along the mountain trail. "There were three of them. I saw them in the dim moonlight. One carried a sack on his shoulder and they made a hole at a rock."

"And buried the treasure? That was Captain Bland, the Yankee officer who robbed the Government of thousands. He came with the army to the mountain. I heard a drunken Federal colonel talk about it. There was twenty thousand dollars in that sack."

"You don't tell me."

"It's true and he who finds it will be fixed for life."

"And that's why you left your hotel, Mr. Sam?"

"Who wouldn't quit his nest for a pile like that. I say, Mother Grossnickle, since you're in league with spirits, why don't you have them point out the spot for us?"

The little beadlike eyes of the old crone blazed like diamonds.

"Mebbe they wouldn't tell," said she.

"What does all your polifoxing mean then, if you can't make the spooks help you?" sneered the landlord of the village hotel. "That's what I'd like to know."

The old witch turned suddenly upon her companion.

"They were in this vicinity," she said. "There were three as I have said. Look under the rocks herestouts and see if the ground has been disturbed."

The pair went to work and searched the spot. At last the old woman smiled and touched Riddlemoser on the shoulder.

"Some other time," said she. "We can't find the treasure today. Fate is against us. Come! I want to show you something else. It's just through the bushes yonder."

Riddlemoser followed like a dog at the hag's heels.

Keedy was not far behind them.

"It's here they buried him," said Mother Grossnickle, pointing to a certain spot where the ground had been disturbed.

"Buried who?" queried Sam.

"Yunker Bo."

"What! is he dead?"

"One would think so with three feet of earth over him," grinned Mother Grossnickle.

"Who did it?"

"Harland Keedy."

"And who paid him back for the work?"

"No one, as yet."

"Did they let him get away?"

"The Fates were too chary for the pranks. The Ten found themselves balked."

"But Harland Keedy won't they?"

"If he doesn't get them one by one."

"Well, he'll drink no more of my stuff," said Sam, with a thankfulness overpowering Riddlemoser's face. "There's a Yankee regiment I'd like to catch."

"Yes?"

"Yes."

He rode up to my porch the other day, rushed into the hotel and cut a sigfor of with his saber. It was a waste of the best liquor. I yelled the law on him, of a Marylander. He belongs to Cole's cavalry, curse him!"

"Didn't he pay for the stuff?"

"Pay? Riddlemoser's face was a study. What! a Yankee pay for Old Bonder? I guess not. But Uncle Sam shall pay, with interest in the shape of the price of the precious fluid that I lost."

Mother Grossnickle grinned and her sullow face amused Keedy.

"Very well. No gold today, Mr. Sam. Number Ten reached the end of his letter when Keedy's rifle cracked."

The two now vanished and Keedy remained for a few moments in the vicinity. Presently another figure came into view.

He started back and with difficulty repressed a cry.

Tom Creager, armed with his long rifle, stood before him.

The man was alone. As he stood out against the morning light, fully revealed to the hunter's gaze, Keedy saw that his blood course like a fiery stream through his veins.

Creager, the Captain of the Mountain Ten, was at his mercy.

Keedy did not raise the musket, contenting himself with watching the old man who should have been given no mercy for his numerous crimes and evil deeds.

He was Nance's father and this thought stayed his hand.

Suddenly Tom raised his hand and shaded his eyes as he looked through an opening in the foliage and beheld the beauties of the valley that lay to the eastward like a paradise had stretched in the first beams of the morning sun.

He seemed to see more than the distant spires of Middletown.

Keedy, standing half way round, followed the old man's gaze and saw what had attracted Tom's attention.

Half a dozen miles just entering the mountain, their reins lying idly on the horses' necks and their faces turned toward the summit.

"It's a pot shot!" said the old man aloud. "It's probably my last. Why not go down with colors flying? We did good work in the battle, as two Colonels and a half dozen under officers know by this time. Heavens! what a shot!"

He looked to his rifle and Keedy saw him turn upon the men as his eagle eye regarded them.

Nearer and nearer came the troopers.

Keedy lifted his musket from the ground and did not for a moment take his eyes from the mountain bushwhacker.

Suddenly old Creager dropped upon his knees, his eyes riveted upon his quarry. In another moment they would be within range of that deadly rifle and the long dark finger of the avenger was at the trigger.

The next second with a yell that seemed to fill the whole mountain the captain of the Ten leaped to his feet and tottered back.

The rifle had fallen from his hands and he was clutching his useless arm which a stream of blood poured.

"Winged!" said Keedy with grim satisfaction to himself. "It's better than the old wretch's life perhaps."

CHAPTER XX.
THE SUNSHINE OF LOVE.

In the soft brief gloaming of an autumn day, a month after the events we have related, a young girl came out of a mountain abode and walked down a meandering path.

She was well built, dark of face, but beautiful, and her cheeks showed what the fresh winds of the mountain can do.

At a spring of water from a rock along the road and within sight of Zitticstown, a little place that still cheers the memory of the Confederate soldiers who came to a halt and bathed her brow with the limpid water.

She was startled as she drew back from the spring by a footfall behind her.

Turning she saw the girl, out of sight of the weazen-faced woman who stood in the doorway of the cabin.

The speaker checked herself and stepped back.

"Traitress!" cried the other. "You have made your peace with the girl who robbed the hotel of Zitticstown."

The face of Nance Creager—the girl was the one who had stolen from—flushed and then as quickly paled.

"I guess most that I have become friends with Alice Post!"

"You have played the coward!"

"She found me in the road when Old Tom had shot me," was the reply. "Love is the sunshine of life, as the poets have known them both. I still love."

"So I'm not after what you've done!" broke in Mother Grossnickle. "Rather go out yonder where the trees are heavy and the mountain is steep and fall down and die."

Nance took a step toward the hated witch and then shook off the mountain witch.

What else could she do after what she did for mine—nursed me through?"

"You could have killed her and had Harland Keedy!"

"And you would have played out the hand with which you played at Rufus Motter's instigation."

"I thought there was Creager blood in your veins."

"You knew better!" cried Nance. "I have called Tom Creager father ever since I was old enough to speak a name. But I know better now. There's not a drop of his blood in my veins."

"Who told you that?"

"Will you come to the old cabin?" and Nance laid her hand on Mother Grossnickle's arm to lead her from off with a curse. "Will you follow me?"

The witch hesitated.

"Nay, you dare not!" continued Nance. "You dare not because you know."

Mother Grossnickle drew off a pace and looked the mountain girl in the eye.

"He didn't tell, did he?" she queried.

"In a way. The night he died, shot by some one who hated the Mountain Ten—I'll not call Harlist, for that only broke his arm—he wrote on the wall of the cabin. He died all alone, but I found the writing there."

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"You did, eh?"

"Yes. He was a poor writer, for he never had an education. Still, one could read it, though he wrote it with his own blood. It is there yet, written in red."

"Say you so, girl?"

"Aye, 'tis true."

"What did it say?"

"Would you know, Mother Grosenickle?" There was a smile at Nance's lips. "The writing told the secret he had kept so long. I am not Tom Creager's child. I am of better birth. Years ago my mother came to this mountain and died here. She fell into the hands of a woman whom life was no better then than now. She might have lived; my mother, if she had had better care. I came into the world amid one of the most terrible storms that ever shook this old mountain. My mother died in giving me life. She died in the hands of that cruel mountain midwife. The woman took me down to Old Tom Creager's. She laid me in his arms and he named me from that hour. My mother is over yonder on the crest. I have tried to find her grave. The woman took me there, but I do not know where she buried my mother. She must show me the spot, come!"

Mother Grosenickle, with another look into Nance's eyes, drew back.

In another second there leaped from the folds of the girl's garment a weapon that clicked ominously as it was raised.

"Come! Show me the spot where you buried my mother, robbing her of what valuables she had clung to!" continued Nance. "God may have forgiven you, but the mountain child has not. You will go with me, Mother Grosenickle!"

Suddenly, and covered by Nance's revolver, the witch of the mountain preceded her enemy to the gate.

Ten minutes later Mother Grosenickle paused and pointed to a certain spot near a cluster of rocks on the sheltered plain.

"It is there," said she.

"My mother's grave?"

"Yes."

Nance fell upon her knees and buried her face in her hands.

"At last!" moaned the child of the mountain. "At last I find her! I am not the child of a murderer. Now, my name?"

"Howard."

"What is that you wear around your neck? A chain of gold? Is there a locket at the end of it?"

Mother Grosenickle suddenly opened her hands, and, tearing off a chain, looked at, cast both at Nance's feet.

Then she started off, her footsteps echoing for a moment in the mountain, while Nance stood transfixed, gazing at the face of a beautiful woman—a face framed with gold—her mother's!

* * *

It was after the war.

The banners of peace fluttered on the blood-red field of battle, and the clover was hiding the gaping wounds of war.

Two little children, playing by a dark-faced girl, suddenly uttered a strange cry which brought the child to where they were, and quickly dug up a handful of gold which she saw had just digged up from beneath a rock.

"Found at last—Captain Bland's treasure!" cried Nance. And she called the girl from the child and examined them in the warm sunlight. This is the gold the robbers buried on the mountain after the battle."

They passed down to a house not far off and the pretty mother of the little ones was told the story.

That night twenty thousand dollars were unearthed under the rock and, since no one came to claim it, the Government preferring to take no note of Captain Bland's crime—the fair Alice Keeneyes and hers.

But Nance was persuaded to take a goodly share of it, which she kept for a month and a year later it more than bought for her the finest wedding suit ever seen on the old mountain.

The Mountain Ten with scarcely an exception did the violent deaths. Joshua Mother disappeared after the war, and one morning, when her hated and haunted shack Mother Grosenickle was found dead, and in one corner of the room lay coiled the dread reptile, a rattlesnake whose fangs had avenged more than one dark deed.

There was a cloud of bells on the air, the pines were green on the mountain slopes, and Alice and her husband, Richard Keeneyes, with the tots, stood on Observation Rock and gazed upon the paradise below.

THE END.

ONE DOZEN FREE.

We will send free to any lady reader, who does sunshine, also formula and directions for making Cream of Roses Complexion Bleach, to get into business for yourself. Remember we do not ask you to buy anything. Address Curtis Chemical Co., P.O. Box 108 M, Kansas City, Mo.

Airship Elopement.

As the eloping couple soared above the building the old man rushed out and shook his fist at the airship.

"You scoundrel," he bellowed, rushing to the shed where he kept his own airship, "I'll catch up with you. I shall be flying in a second."

"Do calm yourself, pa," called the girl, as she leaned down to her irate sire; "regain your temper before you start in pursuit."

This made the old gentleman furious.

"Regain my temper!" he thundered. "Regain it, I regain my temper!"

"Because it is not good for you to fly in a passion."

And then the elopers faded away in the clouds.

No Embrace for Her.

The boat drifted straight ahead,
In it were two—no more—
Creeping the oars, the youth said:
"I guess I'll hug the shore."

The maid's eyes sought his own
And resting there a minute
She said in a reproachful tone:
"I guess I am not in it."

Keeneyes.

(Continued from page five.)

growing impatient, "you will not deny that you are Nell Keeneyes. Nell it has been since I made her come. I am here because this is my house. Why are you here, Mr. Keeneyes?"

"I should by this time have explained that," said Keeneyes, still smarting from the unintentional wound delivered by the young lady, "if I had not been interrupted."

"If anybody asks him again," cried the old man, "I'll stuff this handkerchief down their throat." He glared humorously at his granddaughter.

Keeneyes realized that his sensitiveness to his own merits had betrayed him into a momentary anger. With an effort, he controlled himself and became calm.

"If I have shown some feeling," he said, "I am sorry; it was because my ability as a man of my profession seemed questioned. It is the same to me as if it had not happened. I was about to say that six weeks ago I learned about that forged letter; Clark Watson did not tell me about it; I discovered the facts in a detective-like manner. Three weeks ago that Jansen Moore was living in Chicago under the name of Bearsley because he believed it the wish of Mr. Atkins, but in reality because it was the wish of his rival. The question immediately arose in my mind, What's to do?"

Again the color stole to Nell's cheeks. "A very simple answer should have presented itself," she declared.

"Indeed?" said Keeneyes quietly. "As what, for instance."

"You discovered a conspiracy to keep Mr. Moore out of Wearystop," said Nell, "you recognized it as a conspiracy, and you did not know what to do? You are an officer of the law, yet do not know that to conceal a conspiracy is to become a participant in the conspiracy."

Keeneyes smiled. "That is well spoken, Miss Atkins."

"I should like to hear it well answered," said old Eleazer proudly.

"It is unanswerable," Keeneyes declared with a bow. "I am, as a detective, it is permissible to me to work in rather different paths if necessary from individual. Remember I was employed to find the diamond necklace."

"Oh, I see," said Nell, laughing out. "And you imagined Mr. Moore had it?"

"I knew he had not it."

"What!" exploded Eleazer Atkins; "why, Frank Bland told me he saw it, and I do not believe that he has that diamond necklace."

"Nonsense!" interrupted Keeneyes, winking at the old man to keep quiet. "What remarkable confidence you draw from my idle words!"

The old man chuckled.

"I know," said Nell quietly, her head very erect, "what you mean, and I take the necklace, because I know Mr. Moore."

"Exactly," said Keeneyes. "It is not a question then of who stole it. Allow me to tell you what brings me here. As soon as I found out the trouble Mr. Moore is to go to Chicago and get acquainted with Jansen Moore, who is pecularly fitted, I took a decided fancy to Clark Watson. I could not help admiring his plot. It was wicked of him, and he was a fool, but his rise for a few weeks that he might have an opportunity to win Miss Atkins showed because suspicion of robbery fell on Moore the day he disappeared, showed a mind as subtle and active as his mind. In brief I liked him so well, for his good heart and talents, that I—"

Nell laughed scornfully.

"If you are going on well, that I couldn't help hoping he might prove successful in his conspiracy. And I did not. I said to myself that Jansen Moore, I said to myself that Jansen Moore might be as fine a fellow as Clark Watson, but he was active as his mind. In brief I liked him so well, for his good heart and talents, that I—"

Nell laughed scornfully.

"If you are going on well, that I couldn't help hoping he might prove successful in his conspiracy. And I did not. I said to myself that Jansen Moore, I said to myself that Jansen Moore might be as fine a fellow as Clark Watson, but he was not. I said to myself that I would not be such a ridiculous fool as to let Clark Watson win Miss Atkins.

"He is unsuspecting and faithful!" cried Nell.

"So I decided to go to Chicago, stop at his lodging house, become acquainted with him. If he proved a fine fellow, as I have seen, I meant to undeceive him, send him back to Wearystop, and let Clark Watson suffer the consequences of his folly."

"Then why didn't you?" demanded Nell fiercely.

"Well, somehow I kept putting it off. But I got to know him very well indeed, and as I know Watson. And I like him, too. So I have come now to see what you do think. And if you will go to Chicago with me tomorrow, I will conduct you—"

"He is staying at Grime's Rooming House," Nell interposed, "so we do not need any special direction."

"No," said Keeneyes, "he left that place, and I am the only one in Wearystop who knows where he is staying."

"At any rate," said Nell, "his six weeks will be ended tomorrow, so he will come home without waiting to be sent for."

Keeneyes shook his head.

"No, Miss Nell, he will not come home tomorrow, unless you go for him."

"What!" said Nell, turning pale.

"Let us suppose a case," said Keeneyes. "Let us suppose that, although Moore was forbidden to seek news from home, nevertheless some news of Wearystop to him. It is not reasonable to suppose that during six weeks the name of so large a city as Wearystop would not be spoken?"

"Very good. Excellent! Now, suppose he learned that Clark Watson had grown very attentive to you during his absence."

"Very good! Suppose he learned that because you once saw him keep a certain female from falling into the muddy street—a female who is an anarchist in the moral government—that your liking for him had become alienated."

"Very good, indeed! Suppose he learned further that at the end of a month you and Clark Watson had married."

"Impossible!" cried Nell, her face flaming.

"It does not sound improbable to me," said Keeneyes easily. "But we are just supposing the case.

"Suppose on this account that he has resolved never to return to Wearystop. You can I vanish an imagined case, see the advisability of your going to him to convince him that you are the same Nell Atkins when he, in days of yore won your schoolgirl's heart, and who, in days of yore—"

"Tell me plainly," cried Nell, "does he think me married?"

"I will put it frankly," said Keeneyes, evading her, "that he will not come back to Wearystop unless he has some sort of an explanation."

"Then I will go tomorrow," cried Nell.

"Poor Clark Watson!" murmured Keeneyes, mournfully shaking his head.

The words inspired Nell with fiercer determination. "Yes!" she cried, "I will go with you tomorrow."

"Just in his present despondent state," Keeneyes went on, "he will be, my, advised that you wear a heavy veil and some dress not known to Moore, for to be clear he would recognize you in his present state of mind. Of course when we are in the parlor car with you will raise your veil and address him as in days of yore, Mr. Atkins, you will not find this journey unpleasant, courtesy."

"Of course it's inconvenient, but I'll go," said old Eleazer.

"Poor Clark Watson!" whispered Keeneyes pitifully.

Further chapters looking toward the solution of this mysterious story will appear in this Ledger from week to week. We advise you to watch Keeneyes' deductions and the development of the drama to the end. It will repay you. If you desire to be entertained you ought to take this paper regularly and read the great stories of love and romance and mystery and adventure that will appear in its pages during the autumn and winter. Send in your subscription and get one of the King Arthur pictures as announced on page thirteen or any six of the splendid patterns appearing in our advertisement on page fifteen.

Novelist's Proposal.

"Capital," exclaimed the brilliant young novelist, laying down his pen. It was one of the days when he was inspired and able to criticise his own work.

He had just been writing a proposal of marriage scene. It was dignified, earnest, eloquent on the man's part; tender, gentle, full of trust on the part of the girl.

As he dressed for dinner the young novelist wondered why one made such go absurd fuss about a simple matter. If Doris was dining with the Russells that night, for example, and a suitable opportunity occurred, he should certainly ask her to be his wife. Nevertheless, a bit, a man who could write a scene like that had little need to be nervous.

Fate was with him. Not only did he sit next to Doris at dinner, but, the family reception being over after dinner than before, his suggestion that he and she should follow on to the Jewitts' in a hansom was accepted with alacrity by Doris' mother. Now for it!

"D'you feel cold?" asked Doris.

"Not a bit. Why?"

"I thought you were shivering."

"O, no, thanks."

A. had spoken. They were on the wrong plane. He must begin by raising the tone of the conversation.

"What a wonderfully bright star!" he breathed gently.

"Which one?"

"The one over there. Don't you see it?"

"Oh, yes; perhaps it's the planet Mars. By the way, whereabouts is the 'Great Bear?'"

"Don't know."

"You needn't get cross, anyway," said Doris, with a little hurt in her voice.

"You're not worrying me, only we're talking about—"

"How shocking rude!"

"You don't understand. I want to ask you something—"

"I'm not a bit of good at riddles."

"Then I'll ask you," cried the Scentic door was in sight. They drew into the line of evening vehicles. "It's—look here! Will you marry me?"

"Will I what?"

"Only answer me—that's all."

"Of course, you dull duffer, I always meant to. Now, then, Jarvis!"

The Wife's Method.

The other evening, as a muscular person was passing a house, a lady who stood at the gate called out to him:

"Sir, I implore you for protection!"

"What's the matter?" he asked, as he stopped short.

"There's a man in the house, and he wouldn't go out of doors when I ordered him to."

He wouldn't, eh. Well see about that. Then he threw off his hat and overcoat, his coat to hold and rushed into the house. He found a man in shirt sleeves and took him by the neck and remarked: "Nice style of a gentleman you are, eh? Come out of this or I'll break every bone in your body."

The man fought, and it was not until a chair had been broken and the table upset that he was hauled out by the legs and given a fling through the gate.

"Now, then, you brass faced old tramp, you move on or I'll break your head."

"Tramp! Tramp!" shouted the victim as he got on his feet. "I'm no tramp! I own this property and live in this house."

"You do?"

"Yes, and that's my wife holding your coat."

"Thunder!" whispered the muscular man as he eased from one to the other and realized that it was the wife's method of finishing a row she had been having with her husband. And then he made a grab for his coat and disappeared into the darkness.

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Rengo Fruit Mixture Rapidly Reduces Excess Fat Without the Aid of Tiresome Exercises or Starvation Diet.

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It will reduce excess fat and build up the strength

and health of anyone who gets run down at the same time. It is a product of nature, delicious to the taste and safe and harmless in all its properties. It will not injure the digestive organs as so many drugs and medicines do.

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Write at once to the Vockerman Consumption Cure Co., 1262 Water St., Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

Only One Thing Lacking.

After years of patient research the scientific experimenter had succeeded in combining several rare chemicals into a new and powerful remedial agency.

"What will it cure?" they asked him.

"I don't know yet. I am hunting for the disease!" he exclaimed, his eye kindling with the enthusiasm of the born inventor.

The Maid and the Mirror.

A looking glass was looking
For some one to pass the glass
And a maiden who was passing
Saw a distorted figure pass.
So the glass cast some reflections
Not pleasing to the maid,
For the picture in the mirror
Was not the maid as made.

As It Should Be.

"No," said the dentist, "it would simply be a waste of good money for me to advertise in the newspapers."

"Why do you think so?" queried the persistent solicitor.

"Because," explained the tooth carpenter, "my work speaks for itself through the mouths of others."

Outside of the Family.

"I wonder whether she married for love or for a home?"

"Well, I don't know. It seems to me her husband has some pretty good reasons for believing that she married for spite."

A Good Suggestion.

Dorothy—Papa, the piano must be tuned in time for the reception tonight.

Father—Nonsense; play something from Wagner, and they won't know the difference.

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find something advertised herein of interest to them. There will be formed among them some excellent chances of making money by introducing to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

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Greatly improved. Better than ever. Mends all kinds of light and heavy materials. Stitching. Binding. Hemming. Will last a lifetime. Sells at sight. Every housewife buys. Big profits. Write for terms and sample at once. Address, MEND-A-RIP MFG. CO., Box 1, Bridgeport, Conn.

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$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure. You don't have to be an expert. You furnish the work and teach you how, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the whole business to you. Remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day you work, absolutely sure. Write us now. NATIONAL CLOTHES LINE CO., Box 20093 Boston, Mass.

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removes dandruff, cures headache, nervousness, relieves insomnia, invigorates the hair, makes it beautiful, soft, glossy, unbreakable. Sells at sight to every lady, new price, everyone buys; AGENTS WANTED. Write quick for terms. Sample 25c. Address PROF. LONG, 420 Ash Street, PEKIN, ILL.

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WILL know, easily sold. Active intelligent ladies can make from $50.00 to $40.00 per week. Many of our agents make more. Exclusive territory given. Address ST. LOUIS CORSET CO., St. Louis, Mo.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

On the Wrong Trail.

"It is no more than right that the strong should aid the weak," said the landlady.

"And yet," rejoined the sarcastic boarder, "I fail to see how dropping a hunk of butter in the coffee would benefit it any."

Insinuation.

Chapleigh—Accawding to science a frog-can—aw—live without bwains, doncher know?

Miss Caustique—Oh, well, there are others.

He—Marriage is a lottery.
She—You mean a lottery, don't you?
He—No, I mean a lottery—a place for making family jars.

An Ideal Juror.

Attorney—Have you formed any opinion on this case?

Prospective Juror— No, sir.

Attorney—After the evidence on both sides is all in do you think you will be able to form an opinion?

Prospective Juror—No, sir.

Attorney—Good! You'll do.

Feminine Way.

"A woman," remarked the cynical bachelor, "seldom says what she thinks."

"That's right," rejoined the man who had been married so long that he had to comb his hair with a towel; "she only says what she thinks she thinks."

Where It Falls Down.

"Knowledge is power," quoted the chronic moralizer.

"Not always," rejoined the dyspeptic demoralizer. "I am wise to the fact that there is a lot of money in the bank on the corner, but I can't get a dollar of it."

Couldn't Fool Her.

Miss DePlayne (proudly)—A dozen men offered me their hands at the seashore this summer.

Miss Wisely—Indeed! How long have you been a student of palmistry?

Soot.

Gunner—What is this you have on your desk—the business card of a chimney sweep?

Guyer—No, that is a souvenir postal card from Pittsburg.

He Was Surprised.

"There are no flies on me," said she, Her words with emphasis replete;
"Well, I'm surprised at that," said he,
"Because you are so very sweet."

Not Enough for Two.

Clara—They say Tessie Typeclicker is going to marry young Sapleigh.

Maude—I don't believe it. Why, her salary is only $8 a week.

Directly Opposite.

They say that opposites should wed;
Too much alike, you'll clash.
And so I'm looking for a girl
Possessed of lots of cash.

A Better Thing.

"I—I guess I'll have my photograph taken, if you ain't too busy," he said as he entered the parlors at the head of the stairs.

"But this is not a photograph gallery," replied the man with the pair of forceps in his hand.

"It isn't?"

"No, sir; it's a dental parlor."

"Oh, I see. Well, then, I guess I'll have a tooth drawed, if you ain't too busy. Sumthin' kind o' told me I'd come out ahead o' the game!"

TRY, THEN BUY.

I will send absolutely free to any sufferer a full 10 days' treatment for blood, stomach, liver, kidney and nervous diseases. Send no money. Add. A. A. Potterf, 610 Missouri Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Extremes Meet.

The Friend—The newspaper critics certainly gave your new play the frosty mitt.

The Author—Yes; but the audience gave it a warm reception.

The Friend—Is that so?

The Author—It is. They roasted it so fiercely during the third act we had to run down the asbestos curtain.

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 461, Blairsville, Pa.

Alas!

Miss Elderleigh—Smokeless powder is a wonderful invention, isn't it?

Mr. Hammersleigh—Yes, indeed! It reveals the horrors of war, but—er——

Miss Elderleigh—But what?

Mr. Hammersleigh—It doesn't seem to be effective in concealing the ravages of time.

Would Seem So.

Her—Don't you think women are more likely to look on the bright side of things than men?

Him—I guess so. At least they never miss an opportunity to gaze on the shiny side of the mirror.

No Hurry.

Giles—Shortleigh has turned down an opportunity to get rich quick.

Miles—How's that?

Giles—He is engaged to an heiress and insists on being married by the episcopal service.

Optimistical.

For the third consecutive time the neck of the fowl had been served to the new boarder.

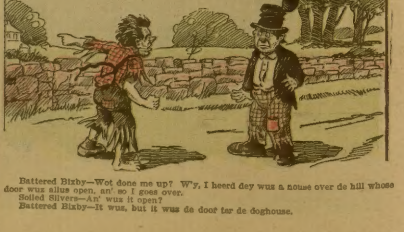
"Anyway," he remarked to his neighbor, "I'm glad it's chicken instead of an ostrich."

Proper Classification.

Myer—Konnet is getting to be quite a dog fancier. His judgment seems to be A. 1.

Gyer—That being the case, his judgment ought to be K. 9.

TALE OF WOE.



Battered Bixby—Wot done me up? Why, I heerd dey was a house over de hill whose door was allus open, an' so I goes over.
Soiled Silvers—An' was it open?
Battered Bixby—It was, but it was de door an' de doghouse.

Ornithological.

Pearl—I wonder why that Mrs. Flasher is going around telling every one she got married just for a lark.

Ruby—Perhaps because she married a jay.

Cause and Effect.

"How," asked the inquisitive museum patron, "did you manage to become a contortionist?"

"By trying to amuse my baby," replied the boneless wonder.

Joke on America.

She was an obvious American, and she brought a breath of hominy into the coiffeur's in Hanover street.

Said she:

"I want you to send a man right away, down to the Cecil to shingle my daughter's bang."

M. Toupet: "Madam, I am a coiffeur, not a building contractor."

Honesty

Insurance Agent: "Mr. Hapgood. I'd like to talk to you about taking out insurance. I can write you the best kind of policies—death, fire, burglary, accident or cyclone."

Hiram Hapgood: "Say, if you've got a insurance policy that'll insure the insurance companies, I'll talk with you."

His Trouble.

Sunday-School Teacher: "What was it that the whale swallowed?"

Tommy: "Why—er—nothing, full time."

Sunday-School Teacher: "Come now, that's an easy question."

Tommy: "Oh, it ain't the question that bothers me, but the answer."

Feminine.

Mrs. Caller—I'm going to get a divorce from my husband.

Mrs. Neighbors—Indeed.

Mrs. Caller—Yes; but it's a secret yet, so you must not say anything about it.

Mrs. Neighbors—Oh, very well; I'll be just as careful as you are.

His Little Joke.

"There goes a woman with a history," remarked the clerk in a book store, as a lady passed out at the front door.

"How do you know?" queried the proprietor.

"Because," explained the clerk, "I just sold it to her."

Perfectly Awful.

He (at the reception)—Miss Newcomer is certainly a beauty, isn't she?

She—Yes, but she's awfully vulgar.

He—Vulgar?

She—Yes; why, she actually declares she is going to marry for love.

Irony.

"I have here a girl," stated Circumstance, "who can make beautifully nine kinds of pie."

"Good!" chuckled Fate. "I will have her fall in love with a fellow who prefers pudding."

Prejudice.

"Are you in favor of Government ownership?" asked Meandering Mike.

"No," answered Plodding Pete. "De only Gover'ment institutions dat I've had any experience wit is jails. An' de way dey're run don't encourage me none."

Citing One of 'Em.

"But there are exceptions to all rules, you know," said the city boarder.

"I reckon that's er fack," replied Farmer Jaygreen. "I never wuz in Chicago for nearly two hours an' nobody offered t' sell me th' Masonic Temple by heck!"

From the Back Fence.

City Boarder—That old cat made an awful noise in the back yard last night.

Farmer Geehaw Yank: ever since he made a meal off th' canary las' winter he's got th' idee in his head as heow he's a natur'l born singer, D'gosh!

After Three Hours.

Miles—My goodness! That Englishman has fallen off a stepladder. Wonder what caused the accident.

Giles—Oh, it wasn't an accident. I told him a joke three hours ago and he has just tumbled.

Social Geometry.

Miss Freeman—Why, I thought you knew her! She lives in the same square with you.

Miss Hutton—Perhaps. But she does not move in the same circle.

A Leader.

The "sassiety" but may be first in the whirl
Of receptions and balls,
And yet all must admit it's the telephone girl
Who receives the most calls.

Presto, Change!

"Yes, thirteen is an unlucky number. I sat down to dinner with twelve others, and what do you think happened?"

"I really can't imagine."

"The dinner disappeared."

Unexpected.

The Physician—Your wife seems to have experienced a sudden shock of some kind, as near as I can make out.

The Husband—I guess that's right. I got home before 13 o'clock last night.

"O! Alfred, wouldn't it be awful if they lost their mother, and we had to bring them up on the bottle?"

At the Reception.

Maude—Mr. Huggins looks unusually happy this evening.

Elsie—Yes; he proposed to me less than an hour ago.

Maude—Ah, I see—and you refused him.

Cancerol, a Boon to Cancer Sufferers.

Look it up for yourself. Men of reputation and standing in most every community are living examples of our ability to cure. Write to-day for free book. Address Dr. L. T. Leach, Drawer 858, Indianapolis, Ind.

He Looked for It.

He—Yes, I always sleep in gloves; keeps your hands so soft.

She—Really; and do you sleep in your hat, too?

Chauffeur vs. Chiffonier.

Mrs. Uppson—I suppose you have a first-class chauffeur?

Mrs. Neurich—Yes, indeed, we have one of solid mahogany, with five drawers and a French plat-glass mirror on top.

Another Stalwart Advocate..

Visitor (at the zoo)—What ails the lion this morning?

Attendant—We've segregated him from the lioness. He's putting up a roar in favor of coeducation.

Ills of the Season.

"We are so worried by the danger of our son's condition."

"Typhoid fever or football?"

BARNYARD BITTERNESS

Mr. Drake: "Whatcher cryin fer?"
Mrs. Waddle: "Oh, everything's down on me!"

Honesty

Insurance Agent: "Mr. Hapgood. I'd like to talk to you about taking out insurance. I can write you the best kind of policies—death, fire, burglary, accident or cyclone."

Hiram Hapgood: "Say, if you've got a insurance policy that'll insure the insurance companies, I'll talk with you."

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of The [illegible] will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some of the greatest chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those who want such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write for advertisers whose offers follow.

SWIFTLIT
WORKS LIKE CITY GAS
In Your Home or Store. [illegible]
Lights like a flash until ¼ of a watch. That's a fact which will send you only 1 cent a day to enjoy. It gives you a "WHITE LIGHT" [illegible] Better than gas or lamp you ever saw. Beats all systems for safety, cheapness and [illegible] Costs only one cent per day. Burns with no odor, no smoke, no grease, no trouble, no dirt. Is used in stores, offices, churches, halls, factories, hotels and residences. Is [illegible] Agents clearing as much as $100 per week. Write for terms and free sample lamp. Address SWIFTLIT MFG. CO., 1 Swiftlit Building, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS your credit is good, sell $1 box [illegible] on sight, big commission, express paid. F. C. MELLMOE, Columbus, O.

AGENTS to sell the Squeezie Egg Fizzer [illegible] Sells on sight. Every housewife wants one. Big money getter ever heard of. F. HILKEN, CHICAGO

$40.00 PER WEEK and expenses, to men with rig to introduce Poultry Goods. [illegible] REMEDY RENOVO CO., Dept. 5, SAVANNAH, Penn

SELL TOBACCO and cigars, locally or traveling. [illegible] Good pay and promotion. Address NORFOLK TOBACCO CO., Dept. 5, NORFOLK, VA.

EARLY AGENTS Get the big Holiday Crimes. [illegible] Sells fast. Costs 25c, price $1.50 to 10c. Big book, [illegible] $1 bk. 25c, $1.50 bk. 50c, $2.50 bk. 75c. Credit given. Both Free. PERFECTION CO., 10108 [illegible], Cincinnati, O.

MEN, WOMEN or **CHILDREN** to sell NEW line of CHRISTMAS books. Every family buys. Use [illegible] time only. Big Christmas MONEY. Write for free outfit. W. B. VANANT, CHICAGO, ILL.

$100 A MONTH and [illegible] expenses for men to introduce our [illegible] Poultry and Stock Specialties. A. DEFIANCE CO., PARSONS, KANS.

EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY! Live agents are making $5.00 a day and upward selling FOUR'S ALL WOOD [illegible] Kitchen Set. Easily applied to doors and [illegible] Sells on sight. Terms and sample FREE. CHAS. J. FORD, Hudson, Mich. Box 2, Wilcox Bldg.

DID YOU EVER win a prize, solicit orders for books, [illegible] soap, tea, coffee or spices? In fact have you ever done any canvassing in any form? If so, I have a most liberal proposition which will interest you. Write me, mentioning this paper. Address W. M. Hay, 287 W. 71st St., New York City, N. Y.

$61.50 WEEKLY INTRODUCING and selling the NEW GASLIGHT BURNER FOR ALL KEROSENE LAMPS. No chimney, no wicks. Fits any lamp; lasts for years. Fast seller, no risk, 300 per cent profit. Experience not necessary. SAMPLES FREE. Terms of exclusive. No branch offices. LUTHER MFG. CO., 881 Cincinnati, O.

MEN WANTED Reliable men in every locality throughout the United States to advertise, [illegible] and introduce our goods, tacking up show cards, [illegible] and [illegible] places. Distributing small [illegible] Salary $60 a month and expenses [illegible] Steady employment to good, reliable men. We buy out your work for you. No experience needed. Write for particulars. EMPIRE MEDICINE COMPANY, London, Ontario, Canada

AGENTS Wanted for new Forged Steel Combination Pocket Knife. Combines [illegible] Knife, Can Opener, Screw Driver, Tools to suit [illegible] Sells on sight. Every farmer and [illegible] to buy one. Agents are making a fortune. Agents and [illegible] Write for terms and free sample knife. Don't delay. Address Forged Steel Combination Knife Co., Dept. 6, Fredericktown, Ohio.

MAGIC BILL BOOK! An entertaining and useful [illegible] Contains [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] of books. Immediate mail the AGENTS WANTED. W. C. WATKINS & CO., Box 1505, Pittsburg, Pa.

BIG MAIL FREE! Would you like to get a lot of [illegible] circulars and [illegible] large? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending circulars, [illegible] matter, [illegible] and circulars to. Good names are common, so are hard to get and are quite expensive to rent. We have **AGENTS DIRECTORY LIST** containing names and addresses [illegible] arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to customers who know one name for good name to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake, be sure to give your street number and town also [illegible] Directory List. We will be pleased to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agents Directory Lists [illegible] several years and refer to the [illegible] of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Send today. Address

AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, INDIANA, Indiana County, PENNA.

IT'S LEAD AND ZINC THAT PAYS

Thousands have become independent for life drawing regular monthly dividends from their Lead and Zinc Stocks. The Mayer Mine, the greatest producer in the Leadville district, the largest mining camp in the World, is a Lead Zinc mine. There are more than 700 paying Lead and Zinc mines in the states of Colorado, Kansas and Missouri. There is no investment that offers such opportunities for legitimate money making as a lead-zinc mine of proven value. The famous Wellington is the

WORLD'S GREATEST LEAD AND ZINC MINE

In addition to the immense Lead and Zinc values, Wellington ores carry as high as $60.00 per ton in gold, which is increasing as depth is attained. With 218.18 acres of the richest and most valuable mining property in Summit County, Colorado, The Wellington stands today without a parallel in the history of Lead and Zinc mining. Its ore bodies are greater and richer than any yet discovered in Leadville or Joplin. The mine ore veins running continuously through the Wellington property is now over 4000 feet, or almost a mile long. There are seven true fissure veins already developed from 4½ to 20 feet in width which will supply a 300-ton mill for ages without exhausting the ore bodies.

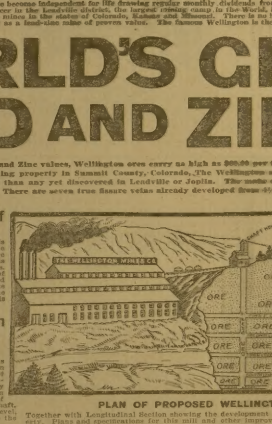
$3,300,000 Worth of Ore Blocked Out

IN THE WELLINGTON MINE. This is not guesswork, but the result of accurate measurement by mining experts of the ore bodies opened on three sides by the various tunnels, drifts, shafts, winzes and openings. It is proven that there are 275,000 tons of ore actually in sight and ready for mining and milling through the mill. Figuring the value of this ore at the lowest possible rate the smelters will pay for it shows that it is worth at least $3,300,000.

$25,000,000 in Ore in Addition to That Already Blocked Out

The amount of ore in the Wellington is almost beyond computation. The main vein alone, which is already developed 4,000 feet, averages 9 feet in width. Multiply by the length of the tunnel, 4,000 feet, by the width of the vein, nine feet, and then by the height, which is known to be 1,000 feet, as proven by diamond drill tests, which is 600 feet deeper than the tunnel level, gives us at least 216,000,000 cubic feet in addition to the ore blocked out.

These figures are entirely conservative and are based on the reports of George H. Evans, mining engineer, and Fred. C. Bowditch, mining expert, and proven by smelter returns from ores taken out in testing development work. There is every reason to believe that this ore body extends in the same direction for a far richer mine in the Leadville district, which is but a few miles away, have attained a far greater depth and the bottom has never been reached.



PLAN OF PROPOSED WELLINGTON MILL.

Together with Longitudinal Section showing the development work actually done on the property. Plans and specifications for the mill are now being prepared by experts. Contracts for machinery, etc., will be placed inside of 30 days. Work will be pushed rapidly with the object of having the mill in operation at the earliest possible date. The Wellington will be the best equipped mine in the entire state of Colorado. The latest improved methods of mining and handling the ore will be used. Everything will be done automatically by machinery, entirely eliminating all hand work. In addition to the mill a complete power plant will be installed, together with an auxiliary steam plant for use in emergencies in order that the mill can be run day and night, year in and year out. The electricity will be produced by water power at a very small cost. Everything will be done with the latest and most improved hoisting machinery and the tunnel will be widened, making it possible to run cars through it instead of the small buckets now in use. When these improvements are completed, Wellington stock will be worth its present value.

$60 Per Ton in Gold in Addition to Lead and Zinc

The Wellington Mine is a consolidation of the great Wellington and Ore properties, which have become famous as the most valuable mining properties in the entire Breckenridge District of Colorado. Mining men now recognize the Wellington as one of the richest mines of the world. The Wellington is not only rich in lead, zinc and iron values, but it also contains a show wonderful gold values. A vein of Lead-Zinc ore six feet in width running parallel to the main vein was opened up recently which carries $13 per ton in gold, and ore from the bottom of the shaft, which is 400 feet lower than the tunnel level, runs as high as $60 per ton in gold. Investors should carefully consider these figures, as we have seen that the Wellington ores on a very low estimate of the total, and that is necessary to make the

Value of Wellington Proved by Development Work

There is no uncertainty about the Wellington. We are not prospecting to find ore or locate a vein. Value of the property is ore found on or near the surfaces. The Wellington is developed with tunnels, cross cuts, drifts, upraises, winzes, ore, blocking out such enormous bodies of ore that the property can be operated for years to come without opening them. The capacity of The Wellington Mine is over 300 tons a day. The mill can be kept running year in and year out for generations. Its ores are so large that the ore can be mined cheaper than coal and the silver values alone will more than pay the cost of mining and milling.

WELLINGTON STOCK NOW 25 CENTS A SHARE

The Next Advance Will Be to 75 Cents a Share

There is only a limited amount left to be sold. First come, first served. The Wellington is open to the fullest investigation. In addition to prominent Banks and Commercial references, any reliable citizen of Breckenridge, Colorado, can tell you what the Wellington Mine is. In order to secure capital to develop the property without delay, we are offering this stock at a price which every thinking investor will realize is extremely low. We believe it sound business policy to sell a part of the stock at a low price, and all that is necessary to make the mine, we have the ore, and all that is necessary to make the mine a big success is capital. A big mine, like a big factory, must be properly equipped with machinery and facilities for handling its output in large quantities to make it profitable. Although stock has already been sold to defray the expenses of the Wellington, and the balance will be quickly subscribed. Representatives of the various smelters have already been on the ground, anxious to buy all the ores the Wellington Mine can produce as soon as the mill is erected.

Wellington Ores Valued by Smelter Sales, not Assays.

The value of Wellington ores has been determined by actual smelter sales. Assays on selected samples of ore taken at random represent the true value of the ores in a mine, but the prices paid by the smelters on large shipments can be relied upon absolutely. If we were to figure the value of Wellington ores in the hands of assays they would be made to appear more than twice as valuable as the following smelter returns show. However, there is no question but that The Wellington mine contains much ore that is of far greater value than that which has been shipped to the past, as the ores have been cut in doing development work have been stopped. The great bodies of ore have been left untouched awaiting the erection of a mill where they could be properly treated before shipping, thus effecting a great saving.

As an illustration of the wonderful increase in value of Wellington ore as a depth is attained, average samples of ores taken from three different levels in The Wellington mine were assayed by J. H. Morland, U. S. Government assayer of Kansas City, Mo. Mr. Morland reports that the ore taken from the tunnel level, 150 feet from the surface, assayed $24.64 per ton; that from the winze 50 feet below the tunnel level, 200 feet from the surface, assayed $47.12 per ton, and the ore from the winze 65 feet below the main level, 215 feet from the surface, assayed $47.48 per ton. Other assays show values up to $48.00.

These assays were made for the purpose of showing the increase in value as depth is attained, but they have not been used in reporting the value of the ore blocked out, for this ore proves more valuable than first indications and is entered in evidence it will be clear gain to the stockholders.

Smelter Returns Showing Actual Sales of Ore From Wellington Mine.

The Chamberlain-Dillingham Ore Co. Bought of Wellington Mines Co.

	Weight Pounds	Smelter Check
September 1	10,000	$ 200.00
September 3	12,544	251.15
September 15	10,000	200.00
September 29	10,194	183.37
October 1	10,000	180.00
November 1	10,000	180.00
November 4	47,490	1016.66
November 15	10,000	180.00
November 24	18,462	283.41
December 1	10,000	180.00
December 6	29,288	787.75
December 8	10,000	180.00
December 17	42,316	543.41
December 21	10,000	180.00
January 1	48,442	1,035.00
January 15	10,000	180.00
February 1	10,000	180.00
February 12	25,870	741.36
March 1	10,000	180.00
March 2	20,178	488.34
March 15	10,000	180.00
April 2	21,756	484.50
April 15	10,000	180.00
May 12	10,000	180.00
November	68,410	1257.66

THE CHAMBERLAIN-DILLINGHAM ORE CO. By WILBUR MITCHELL.

How Wellington Ores Compare With Other Districts.

The ore from The Wellington Mine is richer than the ores from Leadville, and in many cases than the ores from the great producing district of Leadville. It is connected with the railroad by a short spur, which will enable the mine to prepare it for a ready spot cash market. The by-products will be sufficient to pay the cost of mining and milling.

Location of the Wellington Mine.

The Wellington mine is located within two miles of Breckenridge, Summit County, Colorado, and 12 miles from Leadville. Denver and its smelters are but 100 miles from Breckenridge, and it has paid millions in dividends to its stockholders, mining lead and silver ores worth $9 and $3 per ton, while Joplin mines produce ore worth only $15 per ton at the mill, and it is handling large quantities yield immense profits. The Wellington not only has lead and silver but gold values, such as The Wellington. With the Wellington mill in operation, the Wellington will produce more and richer ores than the Ore. The market is strong for zinc today, and those who have studied the situation say the demand for it is bound to increase. The prediction is made that it will be even stronger in another year.

The immense bodies of rich lead ores in The Wellington are a big factor. The entire production of lead in this country is only about 300,000 tons per year, and the balance is largely imported. The fact that there are millions of tons of lead ore in The Wellington veins. Lead and zinc mines working in the nearer veins in Leadville have been worked for years without the slightest indication of their ore bodies becoming exhausted.

What Your Money Will Be Used For.

The Wellington Mines Company needs capital for erecting the mill, buildings and for installing adequate machinery with which to handle the ore already blocked out. Mills prepare it for a ready spot cash market. The by-products will be sufficient to pay the cost of mining and milling.

What Breckenridge People Think of the Wellington.

WILLIAM MITCHELL, Manager Chamberlain & Dillingham, Ore Buyers, says:

"I buy all the ores shipped out of this district, and the Wellington is the richest producers are doing. I do not hesitate to state that The Wellington will be the largest producing zinc mine in Colorado Creek."

FRED C. EVANS, County United States Mineral Surveyor, says:

"I have made surveys for The Wellington and have had access to many records of the mine. There is no question that The Wellington is the biggest proposition in this district."

JUDGE W. E. THOMAS:

"I have prospected and mined in Summit County since 1882, and The Wellington is the biggest thing I have ever seen here."

HON. W. F. FORMAN, Mayor:

"I have been watching the Wellington Mine, and in my opinion there is nothing to equal it in this district."

GEORGE ENGLE, Banker:

"The Wellington Mine is a big property, big enough to speak for itself."

J. G. DIETWILER, Banker:

"I have mined in Summit County since 1880, and have seen many mines in my time, but The Wellington is the biggest on the table. With the building of a mill and equipping it with modern and economical reduction machinery, The Wellington is a sure dividend payer."

A large number of the best informed citizens of Breckenridge have bought stock in The Wellington, are investing in Wellington stock, and are recommending it to their friends. Any one who is in a position to know what they are talking about, and who are in a position to know what they are talking about, and who are in a position to know what they are talking about, and who are

THE PRAYERS OF THE LITTLE ONES.

How sorely pressed the Lord must be
With all the fearful people's woes;
The weak implore for masters
Above their strong, relentless foes;
The poor cry out against the rich,
The slave would fling his chains away,
And oft their cries must be unheard,
But God, I know, hears every word
When little children kneel to pray.

Mayhap the pious pharisee
Is never heard above his roof
When he, at bedtime, crooks the knee,
Beseeching for his own beseef;
Their prayers may all be said in vain
Who stiff themselves and march away
To fall in battle or to kill.
But God, I know, must listen still
When little children kneel to pray.

The grave-faced hypocrite who reads
The Word the Master gave to men
And lousy prays and then proceeds
To strain the weak for gain again
May be so hide that ire Lord,
Attending to numerous affairs,
Is unaware of him, but, oh,
God still has time to hear, I know,
When little children say their prayers.

The ones who wrangle over creeds
And those who think, forsooth, that they
Are sent to judge the people's needs
And give the word and show the way
May be so little and obscure
That God, with all His awful cares,
Is deaf to them—but, filled with love,
He listens from the throne above
When little children say their prayers.

A Young Wooer's Dilemma.

It was the most awful experience ever known; enough to make a fellow's hair turn white.

And, after all, it was her fault, although all the blame was laid upon me, and the amount of jawing I got made me quite glad to subside in moody silence. But even there the fellows had got scent of the tale, and only yesterday the smallest shaver of the lot had had the impudence to throw it in my teeth.

"She" is my cousin Alice, and "it" is a little excursion we took together—just a pleasure trip by any means!

She is seventeen years old, very pretty, and up to anything in the way of fun, and, as I am her junior by eighteen months, she makes me look just where I am, although her fair head scarcely reaches to my shoulder.

It looks idiotic enough when it is written down, but, before her mother's visit to us was up, I fancied myself hopelessly in love with her, and would have told her so, only the girl—Rupert we always called her—was living round her.

Rupert is my eldest brother; he came of age last year, and used to be the best fellow in the world, until he took to appropriating my clothes, linen, room, and, slight, without seeming to consider that I might want any of things, too!

However, it so happened that, on the day Alice went away, only Nellie and I were free to take her to the station; and, as I was pretty desperate by that time, I made up my mind to have it out before I lost sight of her altogether. Luckily, Nell is such a regular chum, and I had not much difficulty in persuading her to aid and abet our arrival at the station half an hour before the train, and then to suddenly discover that she herself had a pressing engagement in the town. Father and Rupert being from home, there was no one especially "up" in the time-table, so, when I ordered the pony-carriage round at half-past two, they were quite ready to let us start.

Once at the station Nelly swallowed her qualms, and played her part perfectly.

Alice was very sorry to say good-by, but would not hear of her staying, so, after many kisses between the two girls, Nell tripped away, and we were left on the crowded platform, with full five-and-twenty minutes to wait. I began to feel rather nervous, and cast about in my mind for some suitable remark with which to open the conversation.

"Partings are sad work, Alice!" I sighed, at last. "The older one gets, the more one feels them."

"Yes, they must be troublesome," she assented. "Especially when boys are of your sex, and take as much notice of you as entirely does over yours. But, as I was a fumper, I really can't say much about them."

This was far too flippant, but I tried to bunch, and resented even a shade away from the crowded platform to a quiet spot, where we could talk in peace.

Then I began again.

"I can't say how much we shall miss you," I said smilingly. "It has been like—like——"

"A noisy monkey-house!" inserted Alice, drowning my carefully modulated voice. "Well we've had such a row before I came, and—oh, Tom! there's such a duck of an engine! Don't you love engines?"

"Not particularly," I replied shortly.

"I mean to—some day switch; it's a perfect beauty! I must have a better view. Take me across, Tom. No one can see us."

"I can't leave you here," I said, firmly. "A nice row I should get into if I let you go philandering on the line!"

Alice drew herself up.

"Very well," she said, with dignity. "It's the only favor I ever asked you, and you won't do it. I only wish Rupert were here!"

"No, he wouldn't!" I exclaimed, disgusted at the turn of my invitation. "Not he! Give me your hand, and come along."

The switch was quite empty, and cut off by a corner from the main platform; a rough crossing led straight over the railroad to the engine of Alice's dreams; the driver and fireman were invisible and no stray official or passenger was to be seen. The engine itself was getting up steam, so I felt sure the men could not be very far off, and begged Alice to moderate her curiosity, and come away.

"What a minute!" she said. "I can't see a bit; I'm far too short. Tom, dear, won't you help me up, just for a half a second?"

The next instant she stood, triumphant, on the foot-plate.

"I hope no one saw. Phew! How hot it is! What a lot of little screws and knobs! Come up, Tom, and show me what they're for."

Would you believe it? I mounted that blessed engine like a lamb, and, from it to lose the place to which I belonged in her estimation, I must needs begin a series of experiments upon the "funny little screws and knobs."

"Make it whistle," commanded Alice, calmly giving me carte-blanche to the driver and fireman, who were just emerging from a distant engine shed. Quick! Do make it whistle. Tom, stop! I said you must not just yet! It's moving. Stop it, Tom!"

"I can't," I shouted. "I've set it off somehow. What a fool I've been! Shall we jump?"

"Yes, yes! No, no!" screamed Alice—just like a girl. Oh, what a rage those men are in! They are running after us. Mercy, Tom!"

The engine had, in some extraordinary way, plotted itself onto the open line, and was setting to work in the most business-like manner, making short steps and hedge-hops and flinging itself from side to side as if it were a thing of life and freedom. Alice left off laughing, and began to cry.

"Don't!" I implored. "I renewed my experiment, in hopes of hitting on the apparatus for stopping the fiery dragon. We've done enough to ensure Rupert's not blowing us up next. Ah-h!"—as we dashed through a little tunnel—"I've got it! Oh, yes, I know it's my fault. Please don't scold me! You can jump if you like, only give my love to Ru—I mean mama, but don't leave me, or I shall certainly fall off."

She nearly fluttered me out of my wits, as she declared that, far from jumping from the fire, with her petticoats and fineries all blown back, she had not blown away; but I tried to make the best of it.

It might be worse," I said. "Those men will, no doubt, have telegraphed by now to clear the line. When the fire gets low, the engine will run itself, I hope. I've raked out as much coal as I can."

"Well, I hope no one will be killed except ourselves," said Alice, in a fit of pique. "It's very unlike you, and if you understood your business, you would be ashamed of yourself, Tom!"

"It's all very well for you," I growled; but I shall get all the blame, and there will be a devil of a row!"

Well, Uncle Jack is one of the dreadfuls, but he! They can't do anything to you, Rupert's afraid, and—and I'll run away, and—I'll take my fair share of the row!"

Evidently the news of our mad career was preceding us, for on every platform stood an excited group, and pale Alice grew pale at the sight of a hastily backed train, and, when I, with the assistance of the driver, of the runaway, with eager faces protruding from every window.

"I like a good dash for freedom," said Alice. "Won't it make a sensation. If we thought it always would, I declare the fire is getting quite low, and we are not going quite so fast. Perhaps—what's that?"

I saw what was coming, but had not time to warn her, for the next instant we were immersed in pitchy darkness, nearly blinded by being thrown backward by the roaring sound of a train in a tunnel.

When we emerged into the welcome light again, Alice was sobbing bitterly at my side.

"I thought I was suffocating," she sobbed. "I can't stand it, Tom! Please, please, do jump off!"

"Why, no!" I exclaimed. "Wait a moment. I honestly believe the old thing is stopping at last!"

And so it was right. In five minutes more the engine had perceptibly slackened its speed, and, at the end of a mile or two, engine proved too much for its strength, and, after a few struggles, it subsided into quietude.

I need not say we quickly stepped to the firm earth, and, with real thankfulness, took a last look at our vanquished enemy. Then we began to walk down the line toward a station which we could see in the distance. The agent and porters on the look-out for the runaway saw us at once, and a tense astonishment.

"I am afraid that there were folks aboard here," said the former. "But we haven't believe it, and, as Uncle's been for my orders, I'd have put a sleeper across the line, and brought her up short!"

"Oh!"

Alice slept at the station-agent's house that night, and I—well, I don't recall the circumstances, but I know I took the first train back next morning; and, before Alice came off again for her journey, a court martial was held in my father's study.

"Of course, Tom was most to blame," said my father. "But what possessed you to incite him, Alice?"

"Oh," she replied, blushing and glancing at Rupert, "he would talk such nonsense, and I was unable to stop him, so I could think of to—to attract his attention! I don't think you could have done better, Rupert and I were engaged yesterday morning—did you, Uncle George?"

"My dear, I had not time to do so before I set off," replied my father. "Besides, I think you ought to be kept a secret until you had gone."

"You impertinent young——" began Rupert, furiously, but my aunt, "Is always a good thrashing! Impudence! A lot of you!"

But I drew a veil over my sensations! They won't bear putting down on paper, and no one cares about the feelings of—Tom.

Where Nights Are Long.

"You look weary," commented the Arctic explorer.

"No wonder," replied the heavy-eyed Esquimo, "the baby has been crying all night."

"Indeed!"

"Yes and that's exactly five months and six days so far."

Throwing at a Dog.

"I was in a town in Northern Michigan one summer on my vacation," said the Buffalo man, "and as I was strolling around one day I met an Indian with a dog. It was a real Indian dog—long-bodied, short-legged and the homeliest canine you ever saw. I had no sooner set eyes on him than I felt like throwing stones and clubs and running him into Lake Michigan. The Indian must have read my feeling in my face, for he said:

"'Injun tie dog up. You throw. One cent a throw.'

"The idea tickled me and I told him to go ahead. While he was tying the dog to a bush on the beach I collected a handful of stones and made ready for business. The Indian drew a line within 20 feet of his canine and told me to go ahead while he picked up a stick to keep tally as I threw. I didn't want to knock that dog's head off or break one of his legs, but I did want to plunk him three or four times for his general cussedness. I thought it would be dead easy to hit him four times out of five, but that was where I was mistaken.

"As true as you live I threw 100 stones that day at a cent a throw and never hit him once. Oh, he was a long rope, and he was lightning on the dodge. At the hundredth stone I gave up in disgust, but on the next day I began to be real mad. The Indian came about with a grin on his face, and the dog looked more than ever, and I motioned for the canine to be tied up. On that day I threw 300 stones at him and never even grazed him. On the next I threw 325. On the next and last over 600. Then I had become quite bewildered and too lame to throw more and I settled up and told the blanned Indian and his dog to go to Texas. He blandly answered:

"All right. You come back next year and throw more—throw 1,000 times—throw 10,000 times. I make wholesale and me-bbe you hit dog."

Stories About Words.

Style is a word with a history. About the year 1600 the civilized world was horrified that name was known in English either as a "gerfaunt" or an "oradile," the former being evidently a perverted influence of the legend of "elefaunt." The seventeenth century knew of the "seraph," but the term "camelopard" was preferred in allusion to a stubborness and more or less camel-like nature. And in those days it was gravely asserted that the giraffe was a hybrid between the camel and the leopard.

"Picnic purport" were the words applied in last century to [illegible] fashionable [illegible]

The original of the word "picnic" is [illegible] each with a number against it. Then lots were drawn by the party, and each person had to provide the dish marked with the number he drew. Such suppers were known as "picnic" or "pic-nic."

Spoonerism is known to [illegible] the unintentional transposition of a letter or a syllable in a word, as in the [illegible] trifle. Poore calls picnics "[illegible]

Some doubt as to the derivation of the word "spelling." It is believed by some to be derived from "gospelling," meaning discourse or story, and the verb "spell" to denote something more than over, and a charm, and "gospel" Homeric [illegible] Others trace some confusion to a slip of wood, upon such a slip was used [illegible] in schools to point to the letters [illegible] one after another, in spelling

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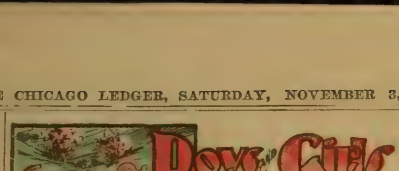

THE

SON OF A SOLDIER;

Or

THE BROWN SATCHEL'S SECRET.

By J. M. MERRILL, author of "The Chums of Hickory Bend," etc.

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CHAPTER XI.
THE LEATHER SATCHEL.

Our boy hero shrank and trembled. He felt very much like a coward at that moment, when instant action was necessary. What meant the unfriendly assault? Mark waited with scarcely a breath.

The man dropped softly upon the floor where he remained in a crouching attitude for fully a minute.

Rising, the prowler approached the bed. He bent above the sleeper with upraised knife. Mark waited no longer. He sprang like a tiger upon the back of the assassin.

A low muttered imprecation fell from the lips of the knife-bearer.

Mark clutched the villian's hand and succeeded in tearing the weapon free. It fell with a dull clang to the floor. This did not disturb, however till the boy's fingers felt the sting of the weapon's edge.

Mark endeavored to hold the assassin, while he shouted for help.

"Let go, you fool!"

The boy clung the tighter.

Then the masked ruffin struck his captor a savage blow with his fist. This felled the lad to the floor. Out across the window-sill sped the assassin. Mark staggered blindly forward and caught his arm. Something came off in his hand.

The free air fanned the lad's cheek as he bent through the opening. He saw a dark form dash across the deck of the scow and leap on shore.

Another moment and he d'sappeared in the rocking woods. Mark sprang through the window and followed. He soon became convinced of the folly of pursuit.

The moon was shining, yet the shadows of the wood were deep. It would be impossible to trace the interloper there. Mark returned slowly, keenly disappointed. His chagrin mastered his anger at the base attempt upon the life of his patient.

Reaching his room he found Dave Quilling and several men there. The shout for help had aroused them.

"What is all the racket about?" asked one of the drivers.

"There's been an attempt at murder," said Mark, who was now cool and careful. He knew that Dave's statement could not for little in times of danger. The danger was past, and there was now no call for wild alarm.

"Attempt at nothing!"

"Bah, boy, you had the nightmare!"

Mark did not resent these flouts. He turned his back on the speakers. He scratched a match and lit a lamp. The sick man lay in a drowsy stupor.

Mark picked a knife from the floor. As he did so, drops of blood dripped over the blade.

"Blood!" ejaculated one.

"By Jupiter! the boy has spoken true!" It was from Mark's hand the blood came. Dave was quick to see it.

"You cut yourself, Mark!" he said.

"He did it, not I," said Mark.

"The man who tried to murder Drenk Ark."

"Tell us about it," said one of the sleepy drivers.

"It was about to do so if you had given me the chance," said Mark.

"Go ahead now then."

"Yes," said Dave, "I am dying to hear about it." At the same time he tore a strip from a roll of rags in one corner and asked his chum to let him bind up his hand.

Mark permitted this. The wound was across two fingers, not deep, but troublesome with its flow of blood. After the hand was attended to Mark told of his encounter with the nigh-prowler. The drivers were all attention now. No sneers or expressions of doubt were heard. As for Dave Quilling, he looked and was full of envy.

After the men had gone back to sleep, having tired from their day's work to long remain up, the two boys sat in the sick room and talked.

"It was a miracle," said Dave.

"How is that?"

"A miracle that you escaped. Lucky for poor Mr. Ark that you were on guard to-night, Mark Elden." The honest face of Dave Quilling shone with appreciation of his friend's bravery.

"I ought to have been smart enough to have captured the scamp."

"I think you did well enough to frighten him from his purpose. It's too bad you didn't see the scoundrel's face."

"Yes," agreed the younger boy. "I marked his height—he was tall and rather thin —but his face was masked. I tore this off in the struggle."

The speaker held up a bright object. It glittered and flashed in the lamplight. Dave uttered an ejaculation. He took the object from his chum's hand and examined it—a diamond scarfbutton!

"Good heart!" ejaculated Dave. "This is important."

"Yes," assented Mark.

"We shall be able to locate the villian by this clew."

But Mark shook his head.

"There are many buttons," he said.

"But none like this in the woods," suggested his chum.

"Not among lumbermen of course," agreed Mark.

"Then you must see that it is an important clew."

"Yes," he admitted the younger boy, "but I am afraid we shall never see it's owner."

Dave interrupted with an exclamation. He had examined the button closely.

He now turned to his chum with a glowing face.

"Here is something," he said, "that is worth while. The initials of the wearer of the scarf-pin are there. Does the assassin's identity beyond a doubt!"

Mark took the button and saw three letters that were cut into the metal.

"W. L."

"They mean what?" queried Mark.

"You've got us."

"And the clew?" said Mark.

The boys studied a long time over the initials, but could make nothing out of them. Neither could Mark's identify them. He had harbored a suspicion which now went glimmering.

He knew of no one for whom the initials stood. The assassin must be a stranger. What then was his motive in attempting to murder Drenk Ark, a harmless, half-witted old man? The mystery deepened. The chase of the question was thoroughly discussed by the two boys.

In the morning Mark and Dave traced the footprints of the would-be assassin across the muddy path to the high ground.

In the footprints the boys discovered a number more. One of the right foot was a half an inch shorter than the left. It proved that the man's feet were not of equal size. Many other doubtless were made to order, and it seemed that to find the man whose left foot was shorter than his left would be to discover the masked villain who had attempted to murder Drenk Ark.

Mark had remembered the sudden chance in the character of Major Loveland when he first saw the face of the sick man. He believed the manufacturer had recognized the strange old woods tramp. Loveland's sudden illness seemed to keep his knowledge a secret. Mark had this in mind when he began searching for clews.

Of course it was hardly possible to connect the millionaire with this crime. Mark did not really think of anything so horrible. He thought of pretty Evelyn and scorned himself. Her father a common thug and assassin? Impossible. The initials on the cuffbotton dissipated suspicion. Those footprints? they would some day fix the crime on the right person.

One day, a week later, Mark, who had been rummaging about the ark, came upon a small leather satchel tucked up under the eaves in an unused closet. He brought it forth and showed it to the cook.

"Why yes," said that worthy, "I have seen that before. When old man Ark first came to us he had the grip. He was making medicine he said, and used the satchel to carry his mixtures. I missed it after the first week. Drenk said he lost the satchel in the river; but it seems he was mistaken."

"Then this is the sick man's property!" "It surely is my lad."

"Now what would be the harm if one examined the contents?" asked Mark.

No harm at all. I'd do it if I was . . . Perhaps there's something that will help the old chap's identity in that grip."

The cook smiled good-humoredly and went back to work. Mark carried the grip to the sick room.

Sitting himself by the window he proceeded to investigate.

The lock had been broken so that Mark had little trouble in opening the satchel

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To his surprise he found a mass of letters, books and papers. There were no bottles or tinctures in the satchel.

Mark was interested. The name on most of the letters was new to him. "William D. Buckland."

The sense of delicacy in Mark's make-up would not permit him to examine the contents of the letters. These were private property with which he had nothing to do.

But how came this strange man of the woods in possession of them? There were other important papers folded and tied with red tape. Marked delved to the bottom of the little satchel, making new discoveries each moment.

CHAPTER XII.

SECRETS OF THE LEATHER BAG.

One of the discoveries made by the curious boy was an ambrotype case neatly fastened with a gold hook. Mark had seen a few pictures of this kind among his sister's treasures at home, among them a picture of his father.

The lad's curiosity got the better of him. He opened the ambrotype. A young soldier in full uniform smiled out at him. Mark heard a suppressed an ejaculation.

The smiling face was something like his own, young and full of enthusiasm. It was a more mature face, however. Mark recognized it at once as that of the father he had never seen.

Here then was proof of the truth of what Drenk Ark had said. There could be no doubt of the strange man's being what he claimed, an old time friend of Captain Boyd Eldon. Mark regarded the young soldier face long and earnestly. He shut the case at length and laid it down with a sigh.

Temptation assailed the boy. He longed to look beneath the coverings of those many letters. Some of them may have

Drenk Ark refused further speech and bent to his paddle.

been written by the hand that now moldered beneath the sod of Gettysburg.

While the lad sat flirting with temptation, a button fell at his feet. It was the cuffbutton he had torn from the wrist of that mischief prowler the week previous. This had fallen from his pocket as he leaned eagerly over examining his prize.

The boy picked up the sleeve-button and regarded it fixedly. There were the initials, W. D. B. staring at him. From these his eye dropped to the name on one of the letters—William D. Buckland!

Mark started as if stung. The initials on the button stood for that name. Was there then a connecting link between the two? It did seem so. Perhaps it was merely a coincidence. Such things often happened. The boy, however, was pleased to connect the two as meaning something. The would-be assassin was in some way connected with the little satchel and its contents. The mystery deepened. Mark was up to his eyes in a new puzzle. He decided to let his discovery into the secret so that the two could solve the many strange problems together.

Mark thrust the button back into his pocket. Again his hand went searching the satchel. On a long flat envelope he read: "Administration Papers of The Newland Estate."

The boy started once more. Newland was a name he remembered hearing mentioned by his sister. Mark held this envelope poised in his hand. He was debating the advisability of tearing it open. The seal was of wax, and bore the same initials as on the cuff button.

Of course that seal was not put there to be broken save by the rightful owner of the contents. Surely he—Mark—was not that person. After fondling the precious envelope a minute, the boy returned it to the satchel.

"I'll touch nothing more," he mentally resolved. "When Drenk Ark fully recovers then he shall decide if I am to become owner of the satchel's secrets. I might ask Mr. Quilling, or Dave—but no, my duty is plain and I'll not shirk it."

A deep, gasping groan from the bed startled the boy.

Glancing in the direction of the sound Mark saw the eyes of Drenk Ark wide open and fixed upon the gaping mouth of the satchel.

Mark sat petrified. The wide eyes stared with something uncanny in their depths. The boy had never seen such a look in human eyes. There was a wild, awful stare that made the flesh creep.

Mark closed the satchel with a snap.

The man on the bed started to a sitting posture. He flung out his thin, long arms and gurgled unintelligible words. His face became purple; the blood seemed about to burst the swelling veins. Mark was horrified. He pushed the offending object behind his chair.

A wild shriek rang out, and the sick man threw up his hands and fell face down amid the pillows, writhing and moaning like some stricken animal.

Mark was frightened. He sprang to the bed and attempted to lift the writhing man in his arms. The form of Ark grew rigid. Mark believed the old man was dying.

"Help! Help!" he cried in his extremity.

Help soon arrived in plenty. It was the noon hour, the cook's horn having just sounded as Mark wrestled with the burden of Drenk Ark's rigid form.

Men came pouring aboard the ark. Several swarmed into the cook's bedroom. Mark turned with a great cry.

"I fear he is dying!" he articulated hoarsely.

Quilling was the first to come to the rescue. He requested Mark to step aside while he made an examination. The soi-

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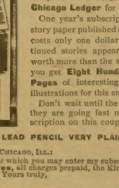

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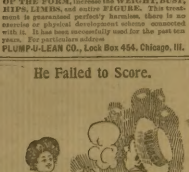

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The sweat was pouring down the hunchback's face. He was hot and inclined to be angry. Mark at once offered his services. The two lads managed to keep within hailing distance of the eaters. Some of them swore, while others treated the affair as a joke, and called Mark and Dave Jane and Percy.

"Why didn't father come out?" asked Dave at length, when the hungry mouths had been filled. "He understands this work better than we."

"He wanted to watch with Drenk. I expect he feared another spell."

"The old lunatic has some lots of trouble," growled the hunchback.

Mark was stoffed. He forgave his chum for this outburst. Dave was a jolly good fellow usually, and very kind of heart. Today he seemed a bit out of sorts and Mark did not wonder at it.

"Where is your father's helper?" asked Mark suddenly. "I remember he said he had a new one."

"Off fishing likely," snorted Dave. "Such truck are never on hand when wanted. I remember the new chap. He's a gallows with sideburns. Did you see him? He was in close confab with father manipulating the sick chap."

"Yes," said Mark, "I saw a stranger in a long gray duster——"

"The very chap!" exclaimed Dave.

"The sick cook he helped did not show up till later. He came in after the rush was over and ate a meal. Queer sort of chap, practical, okay to learn, endorsed by railroad managers and highly recommended by railroad officials. Hundreds of our graduates are now employed. Send for our free booklet, which explains everything. Address nearest office. Standard Railroad Training Bureau, Dept. 819 Freeport, Ill.

"Queer old chap you've got in yonder," said Mr. Styles, referring to the sick room. "Does he often have 'em?"

"Not often," said Mark.

Mr. Quilling came out and Mark returned to his post in the sick room.

He found the cook sleeping. Remembering the satchel the boy looked in the corner where he had left it. It was there now.

Mark understood what this meant. The cook had risen for a time but did not object to this, although he had resolved to keep from the sick man. Its contents were of the utmost importance. He knew that the owner valued them very highly. The old brown leather bag was full of secrets, some of which deeply concerned Mark Eldon. He was impatient over the unexpected delay in fate of his charge.

The sight of the open satchel had excited Drenk Ark to such an extent as to throw him into a fit.

Dave came in presently.

"Where's that wonderful leather bag?" asked he. "Father has told me about it. I am to fetch it to him. You won't object to his keeping it under his eye till the owner is able to look after it, will you?"

"No," said Mark, "but Mr. Quilling has the satchel now."

"Guess not. He said it was in here, and for me to fetch it."

Mark sprang up with a low ejaculation. The sick man's property was quite safe if it has been stolen!" exclaimed the soldier's son, his face going white.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SATCHEL GOES.

"Stolen!" ejaculated the hunchback. "Who would want the satchel? It concerns no one but the sick man."

"It seems to concern some one else," retorted Mark, somewhat angry and quite troubled. "There was an attempt made to murder Drenk Ark; the villain who made that attempt has not been found and the satchel and its contents. Isn't that plain enough?"

"Now that you speak of it I rather think it is," admitted Dave.

The boys made a thorough search, but found no satchel. They then went to Mr. Quilling. He was quite startled at the news of the loss.

"Of course some one who was in the room at the time of the excitement over the sick man's fit took the satchel," he said.

"We must find it," said Mark firmly.

"That's the talk," said the cook.

"Dickie said that you declared the boy hunchback. "If some fellow stole the satchel he don't want to get into a row over a fight. I guess there's mystery enough about this affair to keep us all guessing for a month."

"What seems to be the trouble, good folks?"

Styles came into the Ark dining room just then. It was here the council of three was in session.

Mr. Quilling explained.

"Somebody stole a satchel, eh? That's too mean for anything. Do you suspect anybody?"

Mr. Styles plucked at his long sideburns and looked thoughtful.

"No," said the cook.

"Nobody, unless it's you," chuckled Dave. Mark eyed the thin man very sharply. The jesting word of his chum had for him grave significance. Styles laughed good-humoredly.

"I may be a thief," he said. "But it hasn't got out among folks yet."

His fingers were weaving strands in his beard as he spoke. Mark was watching the new man's every movement and expression. He certainly distrusted him. The fellow made but little stir about the kitchen. He was awkward and impudent. Quilling did not like him. He had been sent by Major Loveland at a request for help from the cook. Mark's time was pretty well taken with the sick man. Everybody seemed to consider this work just suited for the boy.

"It will be like hunting for a needle in a straw-stack to look for the satchel now," sighed Quilling.

"Was it then of much importance?"

Styles seemed indifferent, but Mark detected a deep interest beneath the stranger's apparently unconcerned manner.

The boy resolved to watch the new man.

"No," said Quilling, "I don't imagine there was much of value in the old satchel. It belonged to our sick man, and he may want it bad after he recovers. I am sorry it is lost."

"Stolen, you mean," interjected Mark, his eyes all the time on Styles.

"Yes, stolen," amended the cook.

"Of course," said Styles, "the satchel could not walk off by itself."

"You may be sure that all the time Drenk had the fit. Did you notice any one sneaking about?" said Mark, addressing Styles.

"No, I did not."

The subject was dropped. The boys and men returned to their work.

Some time later, Mark met Quilling walking about the house, his head hung the ground closely. He seemed absorbed in thought. Mark watched without speaking for some time.

"What are you looking for, Mr. Quilling?" at length ventured the boy.

"For something I shall not find," and the man laughed solemnly.

"What about him, Mr. Quilling?"

"He was one of the best attorneys in the city of Chicago. Now I wonder what this means? Drenk Ark is a lawyer, and a bunch of that man's letters."

"You did not tell me of this before——"

"No. I have forgotten about the lawyer. He was quite famous in his day. I saw him in '61. He was one of the very first to raise an enthusiastic patriot, and raised a company and went to the front. I think he returned from the army a colonel of volunteers. I never met him again. That was a long time ago."

Mark was interested. Anything pertaining to the past was interesting.

"What became of lawyer Buckland, Mr. Quilling?"

"Oh, he died many years ago."

"Did you ever hear of the Newlands?" inquired Mark, with a warning in his tone to the subject, and very anxious to solve the mystery of the lost satchel.

"I am not sure. Yes, I think I have heard Major Loveland speak of the name."

"You did not know any such folks——"

Not personally. The Major had something to do with them. I am not sure about it. I can't just remember what, however. There were papers, I believe, called the Newland estate," said Mark.

"It seems that this lawyer you speak of had charge of the estate."

"Perhaps he was administrator," suggested the cook.

"Yes, I believe that was it," cried Mark, whose memory was quickening. "I know what do you suppose this queer Drenk Ark has to do with these folks?"

"For the life of me I can't tell."

"Nor I. I wish I could find the satchel once more. I wouldn't let Drenk Ark have so squeamish about examining the papers and looking at them as before."

The boy was regretting his delicacy about opening the letters of another, and yet at this very delicacy was sensible to the boy. Under the circumstances, however, it may well be considered that it did not carry his ideas of honor too far. At any rate in this it did now. It would be like doing the owner of the papers a kindness to examine them, he believed.

Some one had been interested in gaining possession of the letters and papers. Now who was this person? Styles or Drenk Ark? Mark decided? Mark could not help connecting the would-be assassin in some way with the Newland estate. In doing this the face of Major Loveland came up to haunt him also.

Nothing of importance was dug out of the hasty conversation. The boy went back to their duties, and affairs moved on as of old.

The drive was making progress. The cook's helper improved with time, and Quilling found him a very handy man. Not so Mark. He saw only evil in the smile of Ivan Mr. Styles.

Meantime the man in the sick-room began to improve. He soon sat up, and seemed able to get about. Mark left him at and watched his boy nurse for a long time. At length Drenk spoke.

"Mark, my lad, you have been my friend through a terrible ordeal. I wish to tell you something."

Mark Eldon drew his chair up beside bed. The fever had robbed a deal of life in the man's eyes, a glow of returning health on his cheeks and was hopeful of an early recovery. More than this, it was plain to see that the vacant look had disappeared from the old man's eyes of the old woods wanderer.

"You are very much better, Drenk," said Mark. "I am glad——"

"So am I," broke in the other. "A black pall has been lifted from my brain. Mark, you have been faithful and true; your reward shall be in proportion to your faithfulness. Go to the south end of the ark and look up under the rafters. You will find there a brown leather satchel. Bring it to me."

Mark started. He was glad to notice the light of fully returned reason in the face of his patient. As for the satchel, that was something he dared not tell about lest its loss worry the man back to another illness. "Satchel!" he said at last. "I am not strong——" began the boy.

"I am strong enough," exclaimed Drenk, throwing his feet to the floor and standing upon them. His thin frame trembled a little. He sat down.

"Not as strong as you thought," said Mark.

"Not quite; but I must not stop here another day," said the sick man. "I have been observing things of late, and I am anxious to get to work. Go fetch the satchel, boy, I want it at once."

"I am afraid it cannot be found," said Mark, who saw the futility of trying to conceal the truth. He told of the disappearance of the bag. Drenk listened with glistening eyes. He grew stronger instead of weaker, however, under the news.

He you found the satchel and looked over its contents," said the man. "What did you discover, my boy?"

"Very little——"

"You saw papers and letters. You must know what they mean, that the Newlands have been defrauded, and that if the contents of that satchel are lost the wicked may never be brought to justice. It is absolutely necessary that we obtain possession of those papers. When can I get to Buffalo?"

"Do you wish to go there?"

"It is absolutely necessary for me to go there."

"When you are stronger——"

"I'll never get stronger here!" almost screamed the sick man, his face reddening with intense feeling. "If you will not aid me in this I shall call in some one else, or go alone——"

"Please don't," protested Mark. "I can arrange it all right. There's an extra dugout which we can take if you must go. I will go along to see that you get through all safe. I think the drive can spare me for a short time."

"Then get to work at once."

Mark went to Quilling and Dave. It was arranged that Mark should take the extra canoe and float down the river with his late patient for a passenger. Mark went to tell Drenk of this arrangement, while Dave Quilling should look after the sick.

Ten minutes later, while Mark was talking with Drenk Ark, Dave spied——

"You can't go today, Mark," said the hunchback. "Somebody has stolen the dugout. Lafan Styles is missing, and I reckon he has taken it."

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Pushed Button in Vain.

He walked heavily down the hall, a scowl on his face, his hat pulled down over his eyes and his teeth closed tightly in rage.

"Down," he shouted to the elevator boy loud enough to disturb the other guests of the hotel. "Rotten service, rotten hotel, beats anything I ever went against in my life."

Then he boarded the elevator car and descended to the office floor. He was full of wrath and indignation when he almost ran to the hotel clerk who stood behind the desk.

"What kind of a hotel is this?" he asked, nearly out of breath. "I've been in hotels before, but I never got such poor service in my life. The service in this joint is the limit."

The clerk smiled pleasantly, yet with a look of uneasiness on his face, and asked:

"Have some of our bellboys been uncivil, sir?"

"Bellboys?" replied the guest at the top of his voice. "That's it. I have been trying to get one for an hour and haven't even seen one. I stood there in my room for half an hour pushing the button and ringing for a bellboy. What did I get? Nothing. Talk about service. I never——" Now it was the clerk's turn. He said:

"I guess you are from the kerosene circuit, aren't you?" The guest did not understand.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Why, those buttons have been out of service for two years," said the clerk. "This is a modern hotel; we don't use the old antiquated system of so many rings for this and so many rings for that. Use the telephone when you want to communicate with the office."

The guest became meek and walked back to the elevator without making a response.

A Housekeeper Needs a Job.

The Journal has received the following letter from a woman who wants a job. It is given verbatim, and may be a little off in orthography, but then the writer lets the public know what she does and does not want. Any one in need of her services can be accomodated with further particulars by applying to the Journal office:

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Spoons in our right paws, cups in left—and make a pretty bow;
We'll always say, 'Yes, if you please,' and 'Only half of that.'"

"Then go, my darling children," said the happy mother cat.
The pretty little pussy cats went out that night to tea;
Their heads were smooth and glossy black; their tails were swinging free.
They held their things as they had learned, and tried to be polite—
With snowy bibs beneath their chins they were a pretty sight.

But, ah! alas for manners good, and coats as soft as silk!
The moment that the little kits were asked to take some milk
They dropped their spoons, forgot to bow, and—oh, what do you think!
They put their noses in the cups, and all began to drink.
Yes, every naughty little kit set up a mew for more;
They knocked the teacups over quick, and scampered through the door.

Phyllis and the Trees.

Phillis sat on the grass, feeling very little under the big trees. She did not know she felt little for she was only three. But it was the first time she could realize being in the country, and the trees that grew out of the pavement and in the parks in New York weren't half so strange, she thought.

"Chess," whispered Phyllis softly to herself, directly for this was how she said trees.

She looked up shyly, feeling exactly as she felt when somebody said "Boo!" Overhead green leaves were waving with murmuring sounds.

A long tree branch almost touched her head; the leaves were green on one side, silver on the other. "Ah," said Phyllis, then she kept very quiet a moment; and mamma, who was under another tree, reading a book in a hammock, almost forgot her.

A great big wonder of nature began to stir in Phyllis; but it was all centered on the boughs doing such strange things overhead.

She thought, maybe, she would like to be in bed, safe, with the sheet up to her chin. Then, she thought of big brave papa in New York; then she thought of mamma—and mamma was right here in the hammock. She looked at the hammock.

A RABBIT MOVEMENT.

Rabbit—"I guess this is what you might call a hare's breadth escape, eh?"

Mamma had two hands—and one of them, a soft dear hand hung down, doing nothing.

"No," thought Phyllis, for mamma hated being "sturbed."

But—O, O—there it was again; a soft, soft, soft whispering, like a strange sweet voice. Mamma looked up, and Phyllis caught her eye. The spell of terror found vent.

"O, mamma," screamed the child, holding out pleading arms, her little face streaming with tears, "come, come, the chess is talking, saying fings."

For this was how Phyllis explained the gentle rustling of the leaves above her head. Trees, which were supposed to be dumb, were telling city children things they could not understand.

This was last summer, and now the city child has grown so used to the voices of nature that she can tell you different things the leafy boughs say when the breeze blows through them. Sometimes she says quite plainly:

"Now they are telling God they are happy."

Bananas.

Nearly all boys and girls like bananas, and would be glad to know, perhaps, something about the way they are handled before they reach our importations. The plant bears fruit every month in the year. The bananas are shipped while green; otherwise they would rot before they reached this country. The dealers here treat them differently in different seasons. In winter they are hung up in a room heated to 70 degrees by gas. It is said that any other kind of artificial ripening would make the fruit shrivel, or ripen it too quickly. In spring, they are allowed to ripen naturally, but in summer they are hung in cellars, because the outside air rots them. They are one of the best and most nutritious fruits we have, but, of course, we miss the delicate flavor that they have when taken ripe directly from the tree.

The B's and the P's.

A swarm of fat, lazy BEES
Set out to disturb the sweet PPP;
When it asked the I'T
With a wink of the I,
They said, "O, we're quite at our EE...."
I said, "If you harm those dear P's P,
Or continue the sweet things to TTT,
Then the first little B
That I happen to C
Shall be banished straight over the CCC."

The Greatest **DOLL PREMIUM** EVER GIVEN BY A RELIABLE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

GIRLS Would you like to own a large Manikin Doll, 16 inches tall, with beautiful golden curls, handsome eyes and a pretty dress? Or a Large Mannikin Doll and a big Sister Doll (16 inches tall, both as one premium.

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Write at once.

FREE to BOYS and GIRLS Genuine **Musical Instruments** Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Mandolin, Accordeon, Harmonica, Drum, Cornet, Trumpet, Bugle, Flute, Piccolo, Clarionet, Trombone, Saxophone, Baritone, Tenor Horn, Alto, Bass Horn, Snare Drum, Bass Drum, Cymbals, Xylophone, Sleigh Bells, Tambourine, Triangle, Chimes, Drum Major's Baton, Uniform Hat, Coat, Pants, Sash, Epaulettes, Belt, Sword, Gauntlets, Shoulder Knots, Chevrons, Etc.

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COLUMBIA NECKWEAR CO. 339 LEXINGTON AVENUE PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY

THIS LABOR IMPORTED

PAPA'S MISTAKE.

Papa distinctly said, the other day,
That in the night, when I'm asleep so sound
The earth keeps turning over all the time,
And every morning it's been half-way round.

I thought how grand to see the big round world
Go turning past this window in the hall,
And here I'm up at four o'clock to watch,
And there is nothing going by at all.

I thought that deserts, palm trees, and giraffes
Might just be passing by the time I come;
And now, instead of all those lovely things,
Here's this old yellow rosebush just the same.

—Century Magazine.

Four Lions.

I was in the mountains of Idaho with a friend and one short of four days, for one day I took my gun and started off alone. I went into a ravine and was making my way along it for a brook, when I came suddenly upon a queer sight. Not four feet in front of me, in the full blaze of the sun lay four mountain lions asleep.

For a half minute I thought them dead, but as I stood staring at them with my heart in my mouth, every one of them sprung up with a growl. And they faced round at me, looking ugly, calling the air with their whiskers drawn back, showing the white line of their teeth, switching their tails and looking like demons.

As for me, I stood rooted to the spot. I couldn't move, from sheer fright. A queer, numb sensation began in my ankles and crept up my body, and I literally felt my hair rise.

I stood there motionless for several minutes; then one of the beasts dropped his tail and whined. The others followed his example. My presence mystified them. A few seconds later they turned about and crept away down the ravine, looking back stealthily two or three times to see me.

When they were out of sight I began to breathe again. I didn't care to hunt any more that day, and made for the camp at top speed. That was the time my hair stood on end, and my scalp was sore to the touch for a week afterward.

An Insect Riddle.

One day the insects met to boast
Which one of them was known the most.
"I am," cried one, "a splendid game,
And thus I am best known to fame."
"Without me," cried another then,
"Wives could not mend the clothes for men."
"A female relative am I,"
Another said, "of honor high."
"Without me," said one, "men would fret,
For there could be no alphabet."
"I think," the next said, "that I beat,
For I am something all men eat."
"The prize," cried one, "belongs to me,
For I am quite a well-known tree."
Now, all you puzzle experts, please
Tell us what insects are all these!

The First Step

Teacher—What is the first step toward the digestion of food?
Bright Boy—Biting it off.